THE TRAGEDY

Of the LADY

JANE GRAY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Sed frustra Leges & inania Jura tuenti
Scire mori Sors optima.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the *Temple-Gates*, in *Fleetstreet*.

MDCCXXX.



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1607/5434.





TO

Her Royal Highneſs

THE

Princeſs of WALES.

MADAM,

A Princeſs of the ſame Royal Blood to which you are ſo cloſely and ſo happily ally'd, preſumes to throw her ſelf at the Feet of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS for Protection. The Character of that excellent Lady, as it is deliver'd down to us in Hiſtory, is very near the ſame with the Picture I have endeavour'd to draw of her: And if, in the Poetical Colouring, I have

aim'd at heightning and improving ſome of the Features, it was only to make her more worthy of thoſe illuſtrious Hands to which I always intended to preſent her.

As the *Britiſh* Nation in general is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; ſo every particular Perſon amongſt us ought to contribute, according to their ſeveral Capacities and Abilities, towards the diſcharging that Publick Obligation.

We are your Debtors, MADAM, for the Preference You gave us, in chuſing to wear the *Britiſh* rather than the *Imperial* Crown; for giving the beſt Daughter to our KING, and the beſt Wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the Security that ſhall be deliver'd down to our Children's Children, by a moſt hopeful and beautiful, as well as a numerous Royal Iſſue. Theſe are the Bonds of our Civil Duty: But YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has laid us under others yet more ſacred and engaging; I mean, thoſe of Religion. You are not only the Brighteſt Ornament, but the Patroneſs and Defender of our Holy Faith. Nor

Nor is it *Britain* alone, but the World, but the preſent and all ſucceeding Ages, who ſhall bleſs Your Royal Name, for the greateſt Example that can be given of a diſintereſted Piety and unſhaken Conſtancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongſt the Benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has conferr'd upon us. Tho' at the ſame time, how partial ſoever we may be to our ſelves, we ought not to believe You declin'd the Firſt Crown of *Europe* in regard of *Britain* only. No, MADAM, it is in Juſtice to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS that we muſt confeſs, you had more excellent Motives for ſo great an Action as that was; ſince you did it in Obedience to the Dictates of Reaſon and Conſcience, for the Sake of True Religion, and for the Honour of God. All things that are Great have been offer'd to You; and all things that are Good and Happy, as well in this World as a better, ſhall become the Reward of ſuch exalted Virtue and Piety. The Bleſſings of our Nation, the Prayers of our Church, with the faithful Service of all good Men,

ſhall wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS as long as you live. And whenever, for the Puniſhment of this Land, You ſhall be taken from us, your Sacred Name ſhall be dear to Remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, ſhall beſtow upon you the Fulneſs of Recompence.

Amongſt the ſeveral Offerings of Duty which are made to you here, be graciouſly pleas'd to accept of this unworthy Trifle; which is, with the greateſt Reſpect and loweſt Submiſſion, preſented to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Devoted, and

Moſt Faithful

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.



THE PREFACE.



THO' I have very little Inclination to write Prefaces before Works of this Nature, yet, upon this particular Occaſion, I cannot but think my ſelf obliged to give ſome ſhort Account of this Play, *as well in Juſtice to my ſelf, as to a very learned and ingenious Gentleman, my Friend, who is dead. The Perſon I mean was Mr.* Smith *of* Chriſt Church, Oxon: *One whoſe Character I could with great Pleaſure enter into, if it was not already very well known to the World. As I had the Happineſs to be intimately atquainted with him, he often told me that he deſign'd writing a Tragedy*

upon the Story of the Lady Jane Gray; *and if he had liv'd, I ſhould never have thought of meddling with it my ſelf. But as he died without doing it, in the beginning of the laſt Summer, I reſolv'd to undertake it. And indeed, the Hopes I had of receiving ſome conſiderable Aſſiſtances from the Papers he left behind him, were one of the principal Motives that induc'd me to go about it. Theſe Papers were in the Hands of Mr.* Ducket; *to whom my Friend, Mr.* Thomas Burnet, *was ſo kind as to write and procure them for me. The leaſt Return I can make to thoſe Gentlemen, is this publick Acknowledgment of their great Civility on this occaſion. I muſt confeſs, before thoſe Papers came to my Hand, I had entirely form'd the Deſign, or Fable of my own* Play: *And when I came to look them over, I found it was different from that which Mr.* Smith *intended; the Plan of his being drawn after that which is in Print of Mr.* Banks; *at leaſt I thought ſo, by what I could pick out of his Papers. To ſay the truth, I was a good deal ſurpriz'd and diſappointed at the ſight of them. I hoped to have met with great part of the* Play *written to my Hand, or at the leaſt, the whole Deſign regularly drawn out. Inſtead of that, I found the Quantity of about two Quires of Paper written over in odd Pieces, blotted, interlin'd, and confus'd. What was contained in them in general, was looſe hints of Sentiments, and ſhort obſcure Sketches of Scenes. But how they were to be apply'd, or in what order they were to be rang'd, I could not by any Diligence of mine, (and I look'd them very carefully over more than once) come to underſtand. One Scene there was, and one only, that ſeem'd pretty near perfect; in which Lord* Guilford *ſingly perſuades the Lady* Jane *to take the Crown. From that I borrow'd all that I could, and inſerted it in my own Third Act. But indeed the Manner and Turn of his Fable was ſo different from mine, that I could not take above five*

and

and twenty or thirty Lines at the moſt; and even in thoſe I was oblig'd to make ſome Alteration. I ſhould have been very glad to have come into a Partnerſhip of Reputation with ſo fine a Writer as Mr. Smith *was; but in truth his Hints were ſo ſhort and dark, (many of them mark'd even in Short-hand) that they were of little Uſe or Service to me. They might have ſerv'd as Indexes to his own Memory, and he might have form'd a Play out of them; but I dare ſay, no body elſe could. In one Part of his Deſign he ſeem'd to differ from Mr.* Banks, *whoſe Tale he generally deſign'd to follow; ſince I obſerv'd in many of thoſe ſhort Sketches of Scenes, he had introduc'd Queen* Mary. *He ſeem'd to intend her Character pitiful and inclining Mercy, but urg'd on to Cruelty by the Rage and bloody Diſpoſitions of* Bonner *and* Gardiner. *This Hint I had likewiſe taken from the late Biſhop of* Salisbury's Hiſtory of the Reformation; *who lays, and I believe very juſtly, the horrible Cruelties that were acted at that Time, rather to the charge of that perſecuting Spirit by which the Clergy were then animated, than to the Queen's own Natural Diſpoſition.*

Many People believ'd, or at leaſt ſaid, that Mr. Smith *left a* Play *very near entire behind him. All that I am ſorry for, is, that it was not ſo in fact; I ſhould have made no ſcruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five Acts from him; but then I hope I ſhould have had the Honeſty to let the World know they were his, and not take another Man's Reputation to my ſelf.*

This is what I thought neceſſary to ſay, as well on my own Account, as in regard to the Memory of my Friend.

The PREFACE.

For the Play, *ſuch as it is, I leave it to proſper as it can; I have reſolv'd never to trouble the World with any publick Apologies for my Writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I ſhall turn this my youngeſt Child out into the World, with no other Proviſion than a Saying which I remember to have ſeen before one of Mrs.* Behn's*:*

Va! mon Enfant prend ta Fortune.





PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

TO-night the nobleſt Subject ſwells our Scene,
A Heroine, a Martyr, and a Queen.
And tho' the Poet dares not boaſt his Art,
The very Theme ſhall ſomething great impart,
To warm the gen'rous Soul, and touch the tender Heart.
To you, Fair Judges, we the Cauſe ſubmit;
Your Eyes ſhall tell us how the Tale is writ.
If your ſoft Pity waits upon our Woe,
If ſilent Tears for ſuff'ring Virtue flow;
Your Grief the Muſe's Labour ſhall confeſs,
The lively Paſſions, and the juſt Diſtreſs.
Oh! cou'd our Author's Pencil juſtly paint,
Such as ſhe was in Life, the beauteous Saint;
Boldly your ſtrict Attention might we claim,
And bid you mark, and copy out the Dame.
No wandring Glance one wanton Thought confeſs'd,
No guilty Wiſh inflam'd her ſpotleſs Breaſt:
The only Love that warm'd her blooming Youth,
Was Husband, England, *Liberty, and Truth.*
For theſe ſhe fell; while, with too weak a Hand,
She ſtrove to ſave a blind ungrateful Land.
But thus the ſecret Laws of Fate ordain;
WILLIAM's *Great Hand was doom'd to break that Chain,*
And end the Hopes of Rome's *Tyrannick Reign.*
For ever, as the circling Years return,
Ye grateful Britons! *crown the Hero's Urn;*
To his juſt Care you ev'ry Bleſſing owe,
Which, or his own, or following Reigns beſtow.
Tho' his hard Fate a Father's Name deny'd,
To you a Father, he that Loſs ſupply'd.
Then while you view the Royal Line's Increaſe,
And count the Pledges of your future Peace;

From

PROLOGUE.

From this great Stock while ſtill new Glories come,
Conqueſt abroad, and Liberty at home;
While you behold the Beautiful and Brave,
Bright Princeſſes to grace you, Kings to ſave,
Enjoy the Gift, but bleſs the Hand that gave.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Duke of *Northumberland*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Duke of *Suffolk*,	Mr. *Boman.*
Lord *Guilford Dudley*,	Mr. *Booth.*
Earl of *Pembroke*,	Mr. *Elrington.*
Earl of *Suſſex*,	Mr. *Ryan.*
Gardiner Bp. of *Wincheſter*,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir *John Gates*,	Mr. *Shepherd.*
Lieutenant of the *Tower*,	Mr. *Quin.*

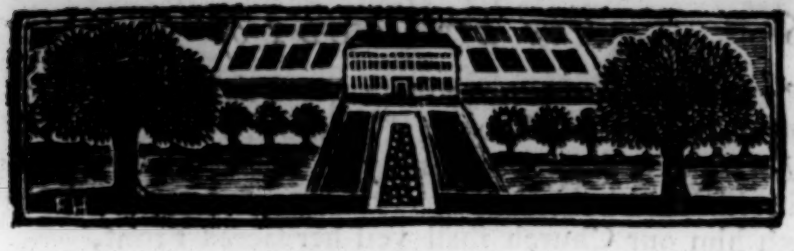
WOMEN.

Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Lady *Jane Gray*,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.



THE



THE

TRAGEDY

OF THE

Lady *JANE GRAY.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter the Duke of Northumberland, *Duke of* Suffolk, *and Sir* John Gates.

NORTHUMB.

'TIS all in vain; Heaven has requir'd its Pledge,
And he muſt die.

Suff. Is there an honeſt Heart,
That loves our *England*, does not mourn for *Edward?*
The Genius of our Iſle is ſhook with Sorrow,
He bows his venerable Head with Pain,
And labours with the Sickneſs of his Lord.
Religion melts in ev'ry holy Eye,
All comfortleſs, afflicted, and forlorn
She ſits on Earth, and weeps upon her Croſs:
Weary of Man, and his deteſted Ways,

Ev'n

Ev'n now ſhe ſeems to meditate her Flight,
And waft her Angel to the Thrones above.
North. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heavieſt Loſs,
With him our holy Faith is doom'd to ſuffer;
With him our Church ſhall veil her ſacred Front,
That late from Heaps of *Gothick* Ruins roſe,
In her firſt native ſimple Majeſty;
The Toil of Saints, and Price of Martyrs Blood,
Shall fail with *Edward*, and again *Old Rome*
Shall ſpread her Banners; and her Monkiſh Hoſt,
Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine ſhall return;
Blind bloody Zeal, and cruel Prieſtly Power
Shall ſcourge the Land for ten dark Ages more.
Sir *J. Gates.* Is there no Help in all the healing Art,
No potent Juice or Drug to ſave a Life
So precious, and prevent a Nation's Fate?
North. What has been left untry'd that Art could do?
The hoary wrinkled Leech has watch'd and toil'd,
Try'd ev'ry Health-reſtoring Herb and Gum,
And weary'd out his painful Skill in vain.
Cloſe like a Dragon folded in his Den,
Some ſecret Venom preys upon his Heart;
A ſtubborn and unconquerable Flame
Creeps in his Veins, and drinks the Streams of Life;
His youthful Sinews are unſtrung, cold Sweats,
And deadly Paleneſs ſit upon his Viſage,
And ev'ry Gaſp we look ſhall be his laſt.
Sir *J. Gates.* Doubt not, your Graces, but the Popiſh [Faction
Will at this Juncture urge their utmoſt Force.
All on the Princeſs *Mary* turn their Eyes,
Well hoping ſhe ſhall build again their Altars,
And bring their Idol-Worſhip back in Triumph.
North. Good Heav'n ordain ſome better Fate for *England!*
Suff. What better can we hope, if ſhe ſhould reign?
I know her well, a blinded Zealot is ſhe,
A gloomy Nature, ſullen and ſevere,
Nurtur'd by proud preſuming *Romiſh* Prieſts,
Taught to believe they only cannot err,
Becauſe they cannot err; bred up in Scorn
Of Reaſon, and the whole Lay-World; inſtructed

To

To hate who'er diſſent from what they teach,
To purge the World from Hereſy by Blood,
To maſſacre a Nation, and believe it
An Act well-pleaſing to the Lord of Mercy.
Theſe are thy Gods, Oh *Rome!* and this thy Faith.

North. And ſhall we tamely yield our ſelves to Bondage?
Bow down before theſe holy Purple Tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our ſlaviſh Necks?
No; let this Faithful free-born *Engliſh* Hand
Firſt dig my Grave in Liberty and Honour;
And tho' I found but one more thus reſolv'd,
That honeſt Man and I would die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are Ten thouſand, and Ten thouſand
To own a Cauſe ſo juſt.

Sir *J. Gates.* The Liſt I gave
Into your Grace's Hand laſt Night, declares
My Power and Friends at full. [*To* Northumb.

North. Be it your Care,
Good Sir *John Gates*, to ſee your Friends appointed,
And ready for the Occaſion. Haſte this Inſtant,
Loſe not a Moment's Time.

Sir *J. Gates.* I go, my Lord. [*Exit Sir* J. Gates.

North. Your Grace's Princely Daughter, Lady JANE,
Is ſhe yet come to Court?

Suff. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the ſooneſt I expect her here.
I know her Duty to the dying King,
Join'd with my ſtrict Commands to haſten hither,
Will bring her on the Wing.

North. Beſeech your Grace,
To ſpeed another Meſſenger to preſs her;
For on her happy Preſence all our Counſels
Depend, and take their Fate.

Suff. Upon the Inſtant
Your Grace ſhall be obey'd. I go to ſummon her.
[*Exit* Suff.

North. What trivial Influences hold Dominion
O'er Wiſe Men's Counſels, and the Fate of Empire?
The greateſt Schemes that human Wit can forge,

Or

Or bold Ambition dares to put in Practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a Moment,
And the light lasting of a Woman's Will.
As if the Lord of Nature shou'd delight
To hang this pond'rous Globe upon a Hair,
And bid it dance before a Breath of Wind.
She must be here, and lodg'd in *Guilford*'s Arms,
E'er *Edward* dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! *Pembroke!* that's a Bar which thwarts my Way;
His fiery Temper brooks not Opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple Arts,
With crouching Courtesy, and honey'd Words,
Such as assuage the Fierce, and bend the Strong.

Enter the Earl of Pembroke.

Good morrow, Noble *Pembroke:* We have stay'd
The Meeting of the Council for your Presence.
Pem. For mine, my Lord! You mock your Servant, sure,
To say that I am wanted, where your self,
The Great *Alcides* of our State, is present.
Whatever Dangers menace Prince or People,
Our Great *Northumberland* is arm'd to meet 'em;
The ablest Head, and firmest Heart you bear,
Nor need a Second in the glorious Task;
Equal your self to all the Toils of Empire.
North. No; as I honour Virtue, I have try'd,
And know my Strength too well; nor can the Voice
Of friendly Flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my Temper liable to Passions,
And all the Frailties common to our Nature;
Blind to Events, too easy of Persuasion,
And often, too too often, have I err'd.
Much therefore have I need of some good Man,
Some wise and honest Heart, whose friendly Aid
Might guide my treading thro' our present Dangers;
And by the Honour of my Name I swear,
I know not one of all our *English* Peers,
Whom I wou'd chuse for that best Friend, like *Pembroke.*

Pem.

Pem. What ſhall I anſwer to a Truſt ſo Noble,
This Prodigality of Praiſe and Honour?
Were not your Grace too generous of Soul,
To ſpeak a Language differing from your Heart,
How might I think you could not mean this Goodneſs
To one, whom his Ill-Fortune has ordain'd
The Rival of your Son.

North. No more! I ſcorn a Thought
So much below the Dignity of Virtue.
'Tis true, I look on *Guilford* like a Father,
Lean to his Side, and ſee but half his Failings:
But on a Point like this, when equal Merit
Stands forth to make its bold Appeal to Honour,
And calls to have the Balance held in Juſtice;
Away with all the Fondneſſes of Nature!
I judge of *Pembroke* and my Son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your Service.

North. The Realm is now at hazard, and bold Factions
Threaten Change, Tumult, and diſaſtrous Days.
Theſe Fears drive out the gentler Thoughts of Joy,
Of Courtſhip, and of Love. Grant, Heav'n, the State
To fix in Peace and Safety once again;
Then ſpeak your Paſſion to the Princely Maid,
And fair Succeſs attend you. For my ſelf,
My Voice ſhall go as far for you, my Lord,
As for my Son, and Beauty be the Umpire.
But now a heavier Matter calls upon us;
The King with Life juſt lab'ring; and I fear,
The Council grow impatient at our Stay.

Pem. One Moment's Pauſe, and I attend your Grace.
[*Exit* North.
Old *Wincheſter* cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud *Northumberland*. The teſty Prelate,
Froward with Age, with diſappointed Hopes,
And zealous for Old *Rome*, rails on the Duke,
Suſpecting him to favour the New Teachers:
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it ſo, what are theſe Monkiſh Quarrels,
Theſe wordy Wars of Proud Ill-manner'd School-men,
To us and our Lay-Intereſt? Let 'em rail

And

And worry one another at their Pleaſure.
This Duke, of late, by many worthy Offices,
Has ſought my Friendſhip. And yet more, his Son,
The nobleſt Youth our *England* has to boaſt of,
The gentleſt Nature and the braveſt Spirit,
Has made me long the Partner of his Breaſt.
Nay, when he found, in ſpite of the Reſiſtance
My ſtruggling Heart had made, to do him Juſtice,
That I was grown his Rival; he ſtrove hard,
And would not turn me forth from out his Boſom,
But call'd me ſtill his Friend. And ſee! He comes,

Enter Lord Guilford.

Oh, *Guilford!* Juſt as thou wer't ent'ring here,
My Thought was running all thy Virtues over,
And wondring how thy Soul cou'd chuſe a Partner
So much unlike it ſelf.
Guil. How cou'd my Tongue
Take Pleaſure, and be laviſh in thy Praiſe!
How cou'd I ſpeak thy Nobleneſs of Nature,
Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Conſtancy,
And in-born Truth unknowing to diſſemble!
Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I truſt.
Pem. Oh! Generous Youth!
What can a Heart, ſtubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy Sweetneſs?——Yet I wou'd,
I wou'd be grateful.——Oh, my cruel Fortune!
Wou'd I had never ſeen her, never caſt
Mine Eyes on *Suffolk*'s Daughter!
Guil. So wou'd I;
Since 'twas my Fate to ſee and love her firſt.
Pem. Oh! Why ſhou'd ſhe, that univerſal Goodneſs,
Like Light, a common Bleſſing to the World,
Riſe like a Comet fatal to our Friendſhip,
And threaten it with Ruin?
Guil. Heaven forbid!
But tell me, *Pembroke*, Is it not in Virtue
To arm againſt this proud imperious Paſſion?

Does

Does holy Friendſhip dwell ſo near to Envy,
She could not bear to ſee another happy,
If blind miſtaken Chance, and partial Beauty
Should join to favour *Guilford?*——
Pem. Name it not,
My fiery Spirits kindle at the Thought,
And hurry me to Rage.
Guil. And yet I think
I ſhou'd not murmur, were thy Lot to proſper,
And mine to be refus'd. Tho', ſure, the Loſs
Wou'd wound me to the Heart.
Pem. Ha! Could'ſt thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'ſt: Thy gentle Temper
Is form'd with Paſſions mix'd in due Proportion,
Where no one over-bears nor plays the Tyrant,
But join in Nature's Buſineſs, and thy Happineſs:
While mine diſdaining Reaſon and her Laws,
Like all thou canſt imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurry my unſtable flitting Soul
To ev'ry mad Extreme. Then pity me,
And let my Weakneſs ſtand.——

Enter Sir John Gates.

Sir *J. Gates.* The Lords of Council
Wait with Impatience.——
Pemb. I attend their Pleaſure.
This only, and no more then. Whatſoever
Fortune decrees, ſtill let us call to mind
Our Friendſhip and our Honour. And ſince Love
Condemns us to be Rivals for one Prize,
Let us contend, as Friends and brave Men ought,
With Openneſs and Juſtice to each other;
That he who wins the Fair-One to his Arms,
May take her as the Crown of great Deſert:
And if the wretched Loſer does repine,
His own Heart and the World may all condemn him.
[*Exit* Pem.

Guil.

Guil. How croſs the Ways of Life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one High Road,
And have our Journey's End oppos'd in View,
A thouſand thwarting Paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wandring Steps.
Love, Friendſhip, Hatred, in their turns miſlead us,
As ev'ry Paſſion has its ſeparate Intereſt:
Where is that piercing Foreſight can unfold
Where all this mazy Error will have end,
And tell the Doom reſerv'd for me and *Pembroke?*
There is but one End certain, that is——Death:
Yet ev'n that Certainty is ſtill uncertain.
For of theſe ſeveral Tracks which lie before us,
We know that one leads certainly to Death,
But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain,
This blind Divining; let me think no more on't:
And ſee the Miſtreſs of our Fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. *Attendants.*

Hail, Princely Maid! who with auſpicious Beauty
Chear'ſt ev'ry drooping Heart in this ſad Place;
Who, like the Silver Regent of the Night,
Liſt'ſt up thy ſacred Beams upon the Land,
To bid the Gloom look gay, diſpel our Horrors,
And make us leſs lament the ſetting Sun. [Preſence
L. *J. Gray.* Yes, *Guilford*; Well doſt thou compare my
To the faint Comfort of the waining Moon:
Like her cold Orb, a chearleſs Gleam I bring,
Silence and Heavineſs of Heart, with Dews
To dreſs the Face of Nature all in Tears.
But ſay, how fares the King?
Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry Moment cuts away a Hope,
Adds to our Fears, and gives the Infant Saint
A nearer Proſpect of his op'ning Heaven.
L. *J. Gray.* Deſcend ye Choirs of Angels to receive him,
Tune your melodious Harps to ſome high Strain,
And waft him upwards with a Song of Triumph:
A purer Soul, and one more like your ſelves,

Ne'er

Ne'er enter'd at the Golden Gates of Bliſs.
Oh, *Guilford!* What remains for wretched *England*,
When he, our Guardian-Angel, ſhall forſake us?
For whoſe dear Sake Heav'n ſpar'd a guilty Land,
And ſcatter'd not its Plagues while *Edward* reign'd.
Guil. I own my Heart bleeds inward at the Thought,
And riſing Horrors crowd the op'ning Scene.
And yet, forgive me, thou, my Native Country,
Thou Land of Liberty, thou Nurſe of Heroes,
Forgive me, if in ſpite of all thy Dangers,
New Springs of Pleaſure flow within my Boſom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold thoſe Eyes,
Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling Nature
Can give each Day new Patterns of her Skill,
And yet at once ſurpaſs 'em.
L. *J. Gray.* Oh, vain Flattery!
Harſh and ill-ſounding ever to my Ear;
But on a Day like this, the Raven's Note
Strikes on my Senſe more ſweetly. But, no more,
I charge thee touch th' ungrateful Theme no more;
Lead me, to pay my Duty to the King,
To wet his pale cold Hand with theſe laſt Tears,
And ſhare the Bleſſings of his parting Breath.
Guil. Were I like dying *Edward*, ſure a Touch
Of this dear Hand wou'd kindle Life a-new.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown;
And Oh! whene'er my Boſom ſwells with Paſſion,
And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,
Allow me but to look on you, and ſigh;
'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* asks.
L. *J. G.* Still wilt thou frame thy Speech to this vain Purpoſe,
When the wan King of Terrors ſtalks before us,
When univerſal Ruin gathers round,
And no Eſcape is left us? Are we not
Like Wretches in a Storm, whom ev'ry Moment
The greedy Deep is gaping to devour?
Around us ſee the pale deſpairing Crew,
Wring their ſad Hands, and give their Labour over;
The Hope of Life has ev'ry Heart forſook,
And Horror ſits on each diſtracted Look;

One

One ſolemn Thought of Death does all employ,
And cancels, like a Dream, Delight and Joy;
One Sorrow ſtreams from all their weeping Eyes,
And one conſenting Voice for Mercy cries;
Trembling, they dread juſt Heav'n's avenging Power,
Mourn their paſt Lives, and wait the fatal Hour.

[*Exeunt.*

The END *of the* FIRST ACT.



ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

Nor. YET then be chear'd my Heart amidſt thy Mourning.
Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale Fear
And wild Diſtraction ſit on ev'ry Face;
Tho' never Day of Grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bleſs the hallow'd Light,
Whoſe Beams auſpicious ſhine upon our Union,
And bid me call the noble *Suffolk* Brother.

Suff. I know not what my ſecret Soul preſages,
Bnt ſomething ſeems to whiſper me within,
That we have been too haſty. For my ſelf,
I wiſh this Matter had been yet delay'd;
That we had waited ſome more bleſſed Time,
Some better Day with happier Omens hallow'd,
For Love to kindle up his holy Flame.
But you, my Noble Brother, wou'd prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

North. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the Hour unlucky, that good Heaven,
Who ſoftens the Corrections of his Hand,
And mixes ſtill a Comfort with Afflictions,
Has giv'n to-day a Bleſſing in our Children,
To wipe away our Tears for dying *Edward.*

Suff. In that I truſt. Good Angels be our Guard,
And make my Fears prove vain. But ſee! My Wife?
With her, your Son, the generous *Guilford* comes;
She has inform'd him of our preſent Purpoſe.

Enter the Dutcheſs of Suffolk, *and Lord* Guilford.

L. *Guil.* How ſhall I ſpeak the Fulneſs of my Heart?
What ſhall I ſay, to bleſs you for this Goodneſs?
Oh! Gracious Princeſs! But my Life is yours,
And all the Buſineſs of my Years to come,
Is, to attend with humbleſt Duty on you,
And pay my vow'd Obedience at your Feet.

Dutc. *Suff.* Yes, Noble Youth, I ſhare in all thy Joys,
In all the Joys which this ſad Day can give.
The dear Delight I have to call thee Son,
Comes like a Cordial to my drooping Spirits;
It broods with gentle Warmth upon my Boſom,
And melts that Froſt of Death which hung about me.
But haſte! Inform my Daughter of our Pleaſure;
Let thy Tongue put on all its pleaſing Eloquence,
Inſtruct thy Love to ſpeak of Comfort to her,
To ſooth her Griefs, and chear the mourning Maid.

North. All deſolate and drown'd in flowing Tears,
By *Edward*'s Bed the pious Princeſs ſits;
Faſt from her lifted Eyes the Pearly Drops
Fall trickling o'er her Cheek, while holy Ardor,
And fervent Zeal pour forth her lab'ring Soul;
And ev'ry Sigh is wing'd with Pray'rs ſo potent,
As ſtrive with Heav'n to ſave her dying Lord.

Dutc. *Suff.* From the firſt early Days of Infant Life,
A gentle Band of Friendſhip grew betwixt 'em;
And while our Royal Uncle *Henry* reign'd,
As Brother and as Siſter bred together,
Beneath one common Parent's Care they liv'd.

North. A wondrous Sympathy of Souls conſpir'd
To form the Sacred Union. Lady JANE,
Of all his Royal Blood was ſtill the deareſt:
In ev'ry innocent Delight they ſhar'd,
They ſung, and danc'd, and ſat, and walk'd together;
Nay, in the graver Buſineſs of his Youth,

When

When Books and Learning call'd him from his Sports,
Ev'n there the Princely Maid was his Companion.
She left the ſhining Court to ſhare his Toil,
To turn with him the grave Hiſtorian's Page,
And taſte the Rapture of the Poet's Song;
To ſearch the *Latin* and the *Grecian* Stores,
And wonder at the mighty Minds of old.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, *weeping.*

L. *J. Gray.* Wo't thou not break, my Heart!——
Suff. Alas! What mean'ſt thou?
Guil. Oh, ſpeak!
Dutch. *Suff.* How fares the King?
North. Say, Is he dead?
L. *J. Gray.* The Saints and Angels have him.
Dutch. *Suff.* When I left him,
He ſeem'd a little chear'd, juſt as you enter'd.——
L. *J. Gray.* As I approach'd to kneel and pay my Duty,
He rais'd his feeble Eyes, and faintly ſmiling,
Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd
To bid farewel to thee, my gentle Couſin,
To ſpeak a few ſhort Words to thee, and die.
With that he preſt my Hand, and Oh!——he ſaid,
When I am gone, do thou be good to *England*;
Keep to that Faith in which we both were bred,
And to the End be conſtant. More I wou'd,
But cannot.——There his falt'ring Spirits fail'd,
And turning ev'ry Thought from Earth at once,
To that bleſt Place where all his Hopes were fix'd,
Earneſt he pray'd;——Merciful, Great Defender!
Preſerve thy holy Altars undefil'd,
Protect this Land from bloody Men and Idols,
Save my poor People from the Yoke of *Rome*,
And take thy painful Servant to thy Mercy.
Then ſinking on his Pillow, with a Sigh,
He breath'd his innocent and faithful Soul
Into his Hands who gave it.
Guil. Crowns of Glory,
Such as the brighteſt Angels wear, be on him;

Peace guard his Aſhes here, and Paradiſe
With all its endleſs Bliſs be open to him.
North. Our Grief be on his Grave. Our preſent Duty
Enjoins to ſee his laſt Commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his Death be not made known
To any but our Friends. To-morrow early
The Council ſhall aſſemble at the *Tower*.
Mean while, I beg your Grace wou'd ſtrait inform
[*To the Dutcheſs of* Suffolk.
Your Princely Daughter of our Reſolution.
Our common Int'reſt in that happy Tie,
Demands our ſwifteſt Care to ſee it finiſh'd.
D. *S.* My Lord, you have determin'd well. Lord *Guilford*,
Be it your Task to ſpeak at large our Purpoſe.
Daughter, receive this Lord as one whom I,
Your Father, and his own, ordain your Husband:
What more concerns our Will and your Obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leiſure.
[Exeunt *Duke and Dutcheſs of* Suffolk,
and Duke of Northumberland.

Guil. Wo't thou not ſpare a Moment from thy Sorrows,
And bid theſe bubbling Streams forbear to flow?
Wo't thou not give one Interval to Joy,
One little Pauſe, while humbly I unfold
The happieſt Tale my Tongue was ever bleſt with?
L. *J. Gray.* My Heart is cold within me, ev'ry Senſe
Is dead to Joy; but I will hear thee, *Guilford*,
Nay, I muſt hear thee, ſuch is her Command,
Whom early Duty taught me ſtill t' obey.
But, Oh! Forgive me, if to all thy Story,
Tho' Eloquence Divine attend thy ſpeaking,
Tho ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace do crown thee;
Forgive me, if I cannot better anſwer,
Than weeping——thus, and thus——
Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever; let not Life
Inform theſe breathing Organs of my Voice,
If any Sound from me diſturb thy Quiet.
What is my Peace or Happineſs to thine?

No,

No, tho' our Noble Parents had decreed,
And urg'd high Reaſons which import the State,
This Night to give thee to my faithful Arms,
My faireſt Bride, my only earthly Bliſs.——
L. *J. Gray.* How! *Guilford!* On this Night?
Guil. This happy Night.
Yet if thou art reſolv'd to croſs my Fate,
If this my utmoſt Wiſh ſhall give thee Pain,
Now rather let the Stroke of Death fall on me,
And ſtretch me out a lifeleſs Corſe before thee:
Let me, ſwept away with Things forgotten,
Be huddl'd up in ſome obſcure blind Grave,
E'er thou ſhould'ſt ſay my Love has made thee wretched,
Or drop one ſingle Tear for *Guilford*'s ſake.
L. *J. Gray.* Alas! I have too much of Death already,
And want not thine to furniſh out new Horror.
Oh! Dreadful Thought! If thou wert dead indeed,
What Hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the Bluſh that burns my Maiden Cheek,
My Heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long:
Thy Sweetneſs, Virtue, and unblemiſh'd Youth,
Have won a Place for thee within my Boſom:
And if my Eyes look coldly on thee now,
And ſhun thy Love on this diſaſtrous Day,
It is becauſe I wou'd not deal ſo hardly,
To give thee Sighs for all thy faithful Vows,
And pay thy Tenderneſs with nought but Tears.
And yet 'tis all I have.
Guil. I ask no more;
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that Hope,
To charm the Doubts which vex my anxious Soul;
For all the reſt, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy Pleaſure portion out my Bleſſings.
My Eyes ſhall learn to ſmile or weep from thine,
Nor will I think of Joy while thou art ſad.
Nay, could'ſt thou be ſo cruel to command it,
I will forgo a Bridegroom's ſacred Right,
And ſleep far from thee, on th' unwholſome Earth,
Where Damps ariſe, and whiſtling Winds blow loud.
Then, when the Day returns, come drooping to thee,

My Looks ſtill drizzling with the Dews of Night,
And chear my Heart with thee as with the Morning.
L. *J. G.* Say, Wo't thou conſecrate the Night to Sorrow,
And give up ev'ry Senſe to ſolemn Sadneſs?
Wo't thou, in watching, waſte the tedious Hours,
Sit ſilently and careful by my Side,
Liſt to the tolling Clocks, the Cricket's Cry,
And ev'ry melancholy Midnight Noiſe?
Say, Wo't thou baniſh Pleaſure and Delight?
Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,
And only now and then let fall a Tear,
To mourn for *Edward*'s Loſs, and *England*'s Fate?
Guil. Unweary'd ſtill I will attend thy Woes,
And be a very faithful Partner to thee.
Near thee I will complain in Sighs as numberleſs,
As Murmurs breathing in the leafy Grove:
My Eyes ſhall mix their falling Drops with thine,
Conſtant, as never-ceaſing Waters roll,
That purl and gurgle o'er their Sands for ever.
The Sun ſhall ſee my Grief, thro' all his Courſe;
And when Night comes, ſad *Philomel*, who plains
From ſtarry Veſper to the roſy Dawn,
Shall ceaſe to tune her lamentable Song,
E'er I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.
L. *J. Gray.* Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,
[*Giving her Hand.*
The dear Companion of my future Days:
Whatever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common Portion of us both:
Share all the Griefs of thy unhappy JANE;
But if good Heav'n have any Joy in Store,
Let that be all thy own.
Guil. Thou wondrous Goodneſs!
Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee.
And by the common Courſe of things below,
Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,
Some Evil terrible and unforeſeen
Muſt ſure enſue, to poiſe the Scale againſt
This vaſt Profuſion of exceeding Pleaſure.

But be it ſo, let it be Death and Ruin,
On any Terms I take thee.
L. *J. Gray.* Truſt our Fate
To him whoſe gracious Wiſdom guides our Ways,
And makes what we think Evil turn to Good.
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll ſummon all my Reaſon and my Duty,
To ſooth this Storm within, and frame my Heart
To yield Obedience to my noble Parents.
Guil. Good Angels miniſter their Comforts to thee.
And, Oh! If, as my fond Belief wou'd hope,
If any Word of mine be gracious to thee,
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Thoſe murd'rous Thoughts of Grief that kill thy Quiet.
Reſtore thy gentle Boſom's native Peace,
Lift up the Light of Gladneſs in thy Eyes,
And chear my Heavineſs with one dear Smile.
L. *J. Gray.* Yes, *Guilford*, I will ſtudy to forget
All that the Royal *Edward* has been to me,
How we have lov'd, ev'n from our very Cradles.
My private Loſs no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender Thought to thee ſhall turn.
With Patience I'll ſubmit to Heav'n's Decree,
And what I loſt in *Edward*, find in thee.
But Oh! when I revolve what Ruins wait
Our ſinking Altars, and the falling State:
When I conſider what my Native Land
Expected from her pious Sov'reign's Hand;
How form'd he was to ſave her from Diſtreſs,
A King to govern, and a Saint to bleſs:
New Sorrow to my lab'ring Breaſt ſucceeds,
And my whole Heart for wretched *England* bleeds.
[*Exit Lady* JANE GRAY.
Guil. My Heart ſinks in me, at her ſoft complaining,
And ev'ry moving Accent that ſhe breathes,
Reſolves my Courage, ſlackens my tough Nerves,
And melts me down to Infancy and Tears.
My Fancy palls, and takes Diſtaſte at Pleaſure;
My Soul grows out of Tune, it loaths the World,
Sickens at all the Noiſe and Folly of it;

And I cou'd ſit me down in ſome dull Shade,
Where lonely Contemplation keeps her Cave,
And dwells with hoary Hermits; there forget my ſelf,
There fix my ſtupid Eyes upon the Earth,
And muſe away an Age in deepeſt Melancholy.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. *Edward* is dead; ſo ſaid the Great *Northumberland*,
As now he ſhot along by me in haſte.
He preſs'd my Hand, and in a Whiſper begg'd me
To guard the Secret carefully as Life,
Till ſome few Hours ſhou'd paſs; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my *Guilford!*
My Friend! [*Speaking to him.*
Guil. Ha! *Pembroke!* [*Starting.*
Pem. Wherefore doſt thou ſtart?
Why ſits that wild Diſorder on thy Viſage,
Somewhat that looks like Paſſions ſtrange to thee,
The Paleneſs of Surprize and ghaſtly Fear?
Since I have known thee firſt, and call'd thee Friend,
I never ſaw thee ſo unlike thy ſelf,
So chang'd upon a ſudden.
Guil. How! So chang'd!
Pem. So to my Eye thou ſeem'ſt.
Guil. The King is dead.
Pem. I learn'd it from thy Father,
Juſt as I enter'd here. But ſay, Cou'd that,
A Fate which ev'ry Moment we expected,
Diſtract thy Thought, or ſhock thy Temper thus?
Guil. Oh, *Pembroke!* 'Tis in vain to hide from thee;
For thou haſt look'd into my artleſs Boſom,
And ſeen at once the Hurry of my Soul.
'Tis true, thy coming ſtruck me with Surprize.
I have a Thought——But wherefore ſaid I One?
I have a Thouſand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like pop'lous Towns diſturb'd at Dead of Night,
That mix'd in Darkneſs, buſtle to and fro,
As if their Buſineſs were to make Confuſion.

Pem.

Pem. Then ſure our better Angels call'd me hither;
For this is Friendſhip's Hour, and Friendſhip's Office,
To come when Counſel and when Help is wanting,
To ſhare the Pain of ev'ry gnawing Care,
To ſpeak of Comfort in the Time of Trouble,
To reach a Hand, and ſave thee from Adverſity.

Guil. And wo't thou be a Friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my Boſom bare before thee,
Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy Hand
Paſs gently over ev'ry painful Part?
Wo't thou with Patience hear, and judge with Temper?
And if perchance thou meet with ſomewhat harſh,
Somewhat to rouze thy Rage, and grate thy Soul,
Wo't thou be Maſter of thy ſelf, and bear it?

Pem. Away with all this needleſs Preparation.
Thou know'ſt thou art ſo dear, ſo ſacred to me,
That I can never think thee an Offender.
If it were ſo, that I indeed muſt judge thee,
I ſhou'd take part with thee againſt my ſelf,
And call thy Fault a Virtue.

Guil. But ſuppoſe
The Thought were ſomewhat that concern'd our Love.

Pem. No more; thou know'ſt we ſpoke of that to-day,
And on what Terms we left it. 'Tis a Subject,
Of which, if poſſible, I wou'd not think.
I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not ſpeak of it with Temper?

Pem. No.
Thou know'ſt I cannot. Therefore, prithee ſpare it.

Guil. Oh! Cou'd the Secret, I wou'd tell thee, ſleep,
And the World never know it, my fond Tongue
Shou'd ceaſe from ſpeaking, e'er I wou'd unfold it,
Or vex thy Peace with an officious Tale.
But ſince, howe'er ungrateful to thy Ear,
It muſt be told thee once, hear it from me.

Pem. Speak then, and eaſe the Doubts that ſhock my Soul.

Guil. Suppoſe thy *Guilford*'s better Stars prevail,
And crown his Love.——

Pem. Say not, Suppoſe: 'Tis done.
Seek not for vain Excuſe, or ſoft'ning Words;

Thou haſt prevaricated with thy Friend,
By umder-hand Contrivances undone me;
And while my open Nature truſted in thee,
Thou haſt ſtepp'd in between me and my Hopes,
And raviſh'd from me all my Soul held dear.
Thou haſt betray'd me——

Guil. How! betray'd thee, *Pembroke?*

Pem. Yes, falſly, like a Traytor.

Guil. Have a care.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul Play from thee;
There was but this which I cou'd ne'er forgive.
My Soul is up in Arms, my injur'd Honour,
Impatient of the Wrong, calls for Revenge;
And tho' I lov'd thee——fondly——

Guil. Hear me yet,
And *Pembroke* ſhall acquit me to himſelf.
Hear, while I tell how Fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding Beauty to my Arms.——

Pem. What, hear it! Stand and liſten to thy Triumph!
Thou think'ſt me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Leſt I forget that ever we were Friends,
Leſt in the Rage of diſappointed Love,
I ruſh at once and tear thee for thy Falſhood.

Guil. Thou warn'ſt me well; and I were raſh, as thou art,
To truſt the ſecret Sum of all my Happineſs,
With one not Maſter of himſelf. Farewell. [*Going.*

Pem. Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the Rack of this Incertainty.

Guil. What would'ſt thou further?

Pem. Tell it to me all.
Say thou art marry'd, ſay thou haſt poſſeſs'd her,
And rioted in vaſt Exceſs of Bliſs;
That I may curſe my ſelf, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didſt ſupplant thy Friend?
How didſt thou look wtih that betraying Face,
And ſmiling, plot my Ruin?

Guil. Give me Way.
When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my Love and Friendſhip.

Pem.

Pem. And doſt thou hope to ſhun me then, thou Traytor!
No, I will have it now, this Moment from thee,
Or drag the Secret out from thy falſe Heart.
Guil. Away, thou Madman! I wou'd talk to Winds,
And reaſon with the rude tempeſtuous Surge,
Sooner than hold Diſcourſe with Rage like thine.
Pem. Tell it, or by my injur'd Love I ſwear,
[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*
I'll ſtab the lurking Treaſon in thy Heart.
Guil. Ha! Stay thee there; nor let thy frantick Hand
[*Stopping him.*
Unſheath thy Weapon. If the Sword be drawn,
If once we meet on Terms like thoſe, farewel
To ev'ry Thought of Friendſhip; one muſt fall.
Pem. Curſe on thy Friendſhip, I wou'd break the Band.
Guil. That as you pleaſe——Beſide, this Place is ſacred,
And wo'not be profan'd with Brawls and Outrage.
You know, I dare be found on any Summons.
Pem. 'Tis well. My Vengeance ſhall not loiter long.
Henceforward let the Thoughts of our paſt Lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorſeleſs Hate.
Here I give up the empty Name of Friend,
Renounce all Gentleneſs, all Commerce with thee,
To Death defy thee as my mortal Foe;
And when we meet again, may ſwift Deſtruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of my ſelf. [*Exit* Pembroke.
Guil. The Fate I ever fear'd, is fall'n upon me;
And long ago my boding Heart divin'd
A Breach, like this, from his ungovern'd Rage.
Oh, *Pembroke!* Thou haſt done me much Injuſtice.
For I have born thee true unfeign'd Affection.
'Tis paſt, and thou art loſt to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greateſt Bliſs;
Since ev'ry other Joy, how dear ſoever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for Love.
At the imperious Tyrant's lordly Call,
In ſpite of Reaſon and Reſtraint we come,
Leave Kindred, Parents, and our native Home.

The trembling Maid, with all her Fears, he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping Mother's Arms.
He laughs at all our Leagues, and in proud Scorn
Commands the Bands of Friendſhip to be torn:
Diſdains a Partner ſhou'd partake his Throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawleſs, and alone. [*Exit.*

The END *of the* SECOND ACT.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Tower.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gar. NAY, by the Rood, my Lord, you were to blame,
To let a Hair-brain'd Paſſion be your Guide,
And hurry you into ſuch mad Extremes.
Marry, you might have made much worthy Profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking Lord
Had brought forth ev'ry Secret of his Soul.
Then when you were the Maſter of his Boſom,
That were the Time to uſe him with Contempt,
And turn his Friendſhip back upon his Hands.
Pem. Thou talk'ſt as if a Madman cou'd be wiſe.
Oh, *Winchester!* Thy hoary frozen Age
Can never gueſs my Pain; can never know
The burning Tranſports of untam'd Deſire.
I tell thee, Rev'rend Lord, to that one Bliſs,
To the Enjoyment of that lovely Maid,
As to their Centre, I had drawn each Hope,
And ev'ry Wiſh my furious Soul cou'd form;
Still with Regard to that my Brain forethought,
And faſhion'd ev'ry Action of my Life.
Then, to be robb'd at once, and unſuſpecting,
Be daſh'd in all the Height of Expectation!
It was not to be born.

Gar.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd ſince?
Pem. I have not had a Minute's Peace of Mind,
A Moment's Pauſe, to reſt from Rage, or think.
Gar. Learn it from me then: But e'er I ſpeak,
I warn you to be Maſter of your ſelf.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their Goodneſs, Pris'ner here;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the *Tower*, and hold free Speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtleſs Hours,
Without good Heed to theſe our righteous Rulers.
To prove this true, this Morn a truſty Spy
Has brought me Word, that yeſter Ev'ning late,
In ſpite of all the Grief for *Edward*'s Death,
Your Friends were marry'd.
Pem. Marry'd! Who?——Damnation!
Gar. Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and the Lady JANE.
Pem. Curſe on my Stars!
Gar. Nay, in the Name of Grace,
Reſtrain this ſinful Paſſion; all's not loſt
In this one ſingle Woman.
Pem. I have loſt
More than the Female World can give me back.
I had beheld ev'n her whole Sex, unmov'd,
Look'd o'er 'em, like a Bed of gaudy Flowers,
That lift their painted Heads, and live a Day,
Then ſhed their trifling Glories unregarded:
My Heart diſdain'd their Beauties, till ſhe came,
With ev'ry Grace that Nature's Hand cou'd give,
And with a Mind ſo great, it ſpoke its Eſſence
Immortal and Divine.
Gar. She was a Wonder;
Detraction muſt allow that.
Pem. The Virtues came,
Sorted in gentle Fellowſhip, to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each other's Work.
Candour with Goodneſs, Fortitude with Sweetneſs,
Strict Piety, and Love of Truth, with Learning,
More than the Schools of *Athens* ever knew,
Or her own *Plato* taught. A Wonder! *Wincheſter!*

Thou

Thou know'ſt not what ſhe was, nor can I ſpeak her,
More than to ſay, She was that only Bleſſing
My Soul was ſet upon, and I have loſt her.
Gar. Your State is not ſo bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry Hope.
Pem. Ha! Wo't thou ſave me, ſnatch me from Deſpair,
And bid me live again?
Gar. She may be yours.
Suppoſe her Husband die.
Pem. O vain, vain Hope!
Gar. Marry, I do not hold that Hope ſo vain.
Theſe Goſpellers have had their Golden Days,
And lorded it at Will; with proud Deſpite,
Have trodden down our Holy *Roman* Faith,
Ranſack'd our Shrines, and driv'n her Saints to Exile.
But if my Divination fail me not,
Their haughty Hearts ſhall be abas'd e'er long,
And feel the Vengeance of our *Mary*'s Reign.
Pem. And would'ſt thou have my fierce Impatience ſtay?
Bid me lie bound upon a Rack, and wait
For diſtant Joys, whole Ages yet behind?
Can Love attend on Politicians Schemes,
Expect the ſlow Events of cautious Counſels,
Cold unreſolving Heads, and creeping Time?
Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, *Northumberland*,
With eaſy *Suffolk*, *Guilford*, and the reſt,
Meet here in Council on ſome deep Deſign,
Some traitorous Contrivance, to protect
Their Upſtart Faith from near approaching Ruin.
But there are Puniſhments——Halters and Axes
For Traytors, and conſuming Flames for Hereticks.
The happy Bridegroom may be yet cut ſhort,
Ev'n in his higheſt Hope.——But go not you;
Howe'er the fawning Sire, old *Dudley*, court you,
No, by the Holy Rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious Counſels.——Miſchief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable Deſtruction.
Pem. Ha! join with them! the curſed *Dudley*'s Race!
Who, while they held me in their Arms, betray'd me;
Scorn'd me for not ſuſpecting they were Villains,

And

And make a Mock'ry of my eaſy Friendſhip.
No, when I do, Diſhonour be my Portion,
And ſwift Perdition catch me;——Join with them!
Gar. I wou'd not have you——Hie you to the City,
And join with thoſe who love our ancient Faith.
Gather your Friends about you, and be ready
T' aſſert our zealous *Mary*'s Royal Title.
And doubt not but her grateful Hand ſhall give you
To ſee your Soul's Deſire upon your Enemies.
The Church ſhall pour her ample Treaſures forth too,
And pay you with ten thouſand Years of Pardon.
Pem. No; keep your Bleſſings back, and give me Ven-
Give me to tell that ſoft Deceiver, *Guilford*, [geance,
Thus, Traytor, haſt thou done, thus haſt thou wrong'd me,
And thus thy Treaſon finds a juſt Reward.
Gar. But ſoft! no more! the Lords o'th' Council come.
Ha! by the Maſs, the Bride and Bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my Lord; we muſt not meet 'em.
Pem. 'Tis they themſelves, the curſed happy Pair!
Haſte, *Winchester*, haſte! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very Thoughts, if poſſible.
Oh! Love, what have I loſt!——Oh! Reverend Lord!
Pity this fond, this fooliſh Weakneſs in me!
Methinks, I go like our firſt wretched Father,
When from his bliſsful Garden he was driven:
Like me he went deſpairing, and like me,
Thus at the Gate ſtopt ſhort for one laſt View;
Then with the chearleſs Partner of his Woe,
He turn'd him to the World that lay below:
There, for his *Eden*'s happy Plains, beheld
A barren, wild, uncomfortable Field;
He ſaw 'twas vain the Ruin to deplore,
He try'd to give the ſad Remembrance o'er;
The ſad Remembrance ſtill return'd again,
And his loſt Paradiſe renew'd his Pain.

[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

Enter

Enter Lord Guilford, *and Lady* JANE.

Guil. What ſhall I ſay to thee! What Pow'r Divine
Will teach my Tongue to tell thee what I feel?
To pour the Tranſports of my Boſom forth,
And make thee Partner of the Joy dwells there?
For thou art comfortleſs, full of Affliction,
Heavy of Heart as the forſaken Widow,
And deſolate as Orphans. Oh, my Fair-One!
Thy *Edward* ſhines amongſt the brighteſt Stars,
And yet thy Sorrows ſeek him in the Grave.

L. *J.* Alas, my deareſt Lord! a thouſand Griefs
Beſet my anxious Heart; and yet, as if
The Burthen were too little, I have added
The Weight of all thy Cares; and like the Miſer,
Increaſe of Wealth has made me but more wretched.
The Morning Light ſeems not to riſe as uſual,
It dawns not to me, like my Virgin Days,
But brings new Thoughts and other Fears upon me;
I tremble, and my anxious Heart is pain'd,
Leſt ought but Good ſhou'd happen to my *Guilford.*

Guil. Nothing but Good can happen to thy *Guilford,*
While thou art by his Side, his better Angel,
His Bleſſing and his Guard.

L. *J. Gray.* Why came we hither?
Why was I drawn to this unlucky Place,
This *Tower,* ſo often ſtain'd with Royal Blood?
Here the Fourth *Edward*'s helpleſs Sons were murder'd,
And pious *Henry* fell by ruthleſs *Glou'ſter:*
Is this the Place allotted for rejoicing?
The Bower adorn'd to keep her Nuptial Feaſt in?
Methinks Suſpicion and Diſtruſt dwell here,
Staring with meagre Forms thro' grated Windows;
Death lurks within, and unrelenting Puniſhment:
Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fierceſt Power
Sit on the rude old Tow'rs, and *Gothick* Battlements:
While Horror overlooks the dreadful Wall,
And frowns on all around.

Guil.

Guil. In Safety here,
The Lords o'th' Council have this Morn decreed
To meet, and with united Care ſupport
The feeble tottering State. To thee, my Princeſs,
Whoſe Royal Veins are rich in *Henry*'s Blood,
With one Conſent the nobleſt Heads are bow'd;
From thee they ask a Sanction to their Counſels,
And from thy healing Hand expect a Cure,
For *England*'s Loſs in *Edward*.

L. *J. Gray.* How! from me!
Alas, my Lord!——But ſure, thou mean'ſt to mock me?

Guil. No, by the Love my faithful Heart is full of!
But ſee, thy Mother, gracious *Suffolk*, comes
To intercept my Story: She ſhall tell thee;
For in her Look I read the lab'ring Thought,
What vaſt Event thy Fate is now diſcloſing.

Enter the Dutcheſs of Suffolk.

D. *Suff.* No more complain, indulge thy Tears no more,
Thy pious Grief has giv'n the Grave its Due:
Let thy Heart kindle with the higheſt Hopes;
Expand thy Boſom, let thy Soul enlarg'd
Make room to entertain the coming Glory;
For Majeſty and Purple Greatneſs court thee,
Homage and low Subjection wait: A Crown,
That makes the Princes of the Earth like Gods;
A Crown, my Daughter, *England*'s Crown attends,
To bind thy Brows with its Imperial Wreath.

L. *J.* Amazement chills my Veins! What ſays my Mother?

D. *Suff.* 'Tis Heav'n's Decree; for our expiring *Edward*,
When now, juſt ſtruggling to his native Skies,
Ev'n on the Verge of Heav'n, in ſight of Angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the Stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my JANE his Succeſſor.

L. *J. G.* Cou'd *Edward* do this? Cou'd the dying Saint
Bequeath his Crown to me? Oh, fatal Bounty!
To me! But 'tis impoſſible! We dream.
A thouſand and a thouſand Bars oppoſe me,
Riſe in my Way, and intercept my Paſſage.

Ev'n

Ev'n you, my gracious Mother, what muſt you be,
E'er I can be a Queen?

Dutc. *Suff.* That, and that only,
Thy Mother; fonder of that tender Name,
Than all the proud Additions Pow'r can give.
Yes, I will give up all my Share of Greatneſs,
And live in low Obſcurity for ever,
To ſee thee rais'd, thou Darling of my Heart,
And fix'd upon a Throne. But ſee! thy Father,
Northumberland, with all the Council, come
To pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy Feet,
To kneel, and call thee Queen.

L. *J. Gray.* Support me, *Guilford*;
Give me thy Aid: Stay thou my fainting Soul,
And help me to repreſs this growing Danger.

Enter Suffolk, Northumberland, *Lords, and others of the Privy Council.*

North. Hail, ſacred Princeſs! ſprung from ancient Kings;
Our *England*'s deareſt Hope, undoubted Off-ſpring
Of *York* and *Lancaſter*'s united Line;
By whoſe bright Zeal, by whoſe victorious Faith,
Guarded and fenc'd around, our pure Religion,
That Lamp of Truth which ſhines upon our Altars,
Shall lift its golden Head, and flouriſh long;
Beneath whoſe awful Rule, and righteous Sceptre,
The plenteous Years ſhall roll in long Succeſſion.
Law ſhall prevail, and ancient Right take place,
Fair Liberty ſhall lift her chearful Head,
Fearleſs of Tyranny and proud Oppreſſion;
No ſad Complaining in our Streets ſhall cry,
But Juſtice ſhall be exercis'd in Mercy.
Hail, Royal JANE! behold, we bend our Knees.
[*They kneel.*
The Pledge of Homage, and thy Land's Obedience;
With humbleſt Duty thus we kneel, and own Thee
Our Liege, our Sovereign Lady, and our Queen.

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, riſe!
My Father, riſe! [*To* Suff.

And

And you, my Father, too! [*To* North.
Riſe all, nor cover me with this Confuſion. [*They riſe.*
What means this Mock, this maſquing Shew of Greatneſs?
Why do you hang theſe Pageant Glories on me,
And dreſs me up in Honours not my own?

North. The Daughters of our late great Maſter *Henry*
Stand both by Law excluded from Succeſſion.
To make all firm,
And fix a Pow'r unqueſtion'd in your Hand,
Edward, by Will, bequeath'd his Crown to you;
And the concurring Lords in Council met,
Have ratify'd the Gift.

L. *J. Gray.* Are Crowns and Empire,
The Government and Safety of Mankind,
Trifles of ſuch light Moment, to be left
Like ſome rich Toy, a Ring, or fancy'd Gem,
The Pledge of parting Friends? Can Kings do thus,
And give away a People for a Legacy?

North. Forgive me, Princely Lady, if my Wonder
Seizes each Senſe, each Faculty of Mind,
To ſee the utmoſt Wiſh the Great can form,
A Crown, thus coldly met: A Crown! which ſlighted,
And left in Scorn by you, ſhall ſoon be ſought,
And find a joyful Wearer; one, perhaps,
Of Blood unkindred to your Royal Houſe,
And fix its Glories in another Line.

L. *J. G.* Where art thou now, thou Partner of my Cares?
[*Turning to* Guilford.
Come to my Aid, and help to bear this Burthen:
Oh! ſave me from this Sorrow, this Misfortune,
Which in the Shape of gorgeous Greatneſs comes
To crown, and make a Wretch of me for ever.

Guil. Thou weep'ſt my Queen, and hang'ſt thy drooping (Head,
Like nodding Poppies, heavy with the Rain,
That bow their weary Necks, and bend to Earth.
See, by thy Side, thy faithful *Guilford* ſtands,
Prepar'd to keep Diſtreſs and Danger from thee,
To wear thy ſacred Cauſe upon his Sword,
And war againſt the World in thy Defence.

North. Oh! ſtay this inauſpicious Stream of Tears,

And

And chear your People with one gracious Smile.
Nor comes your Fate in ſuch a dreadful Form,
To bid you ſhun it. Turn thoſe ſacred Eyes
On the bright Proſpect Empire ſpreads before you.
Methinks I ſee you ſeated on the Throne;
Beneath your Feet the Kingdom's great Degrees
In bright Confuſion ſhine, Mitres and Coronets,
The various Ermin, and the glowing Purple;
Aſſembled Senates wait with awful Dread,
To firm your high Commands, and make 'em Fate.

L. J. G. You turn to view the painted Side of Royalty,
And cover all the Cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a Queen, to ſit aloft,
In ſolemn, dull, uncomfortable State,
The flatter'd Idol of a ſervile Court?
Is it, to draw a pompous Train along,
A Pageant, for the wond'ring Crowd to gaze at?
Is it, in Wantonneſs of Pow'r to reign,
And make the World ſubſervient to my Pleaſure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a ſacred Charge,
To bend each Day before high Heaven, and own,
This People haſt thou truſted to my Hand,
And at my Hand, I know, thou ſhalt require 'em?
Alas! *Northumberland!*——My Father!——Is it not
To live a Life of Care, and when I die,
Have more to anſwer for before my Judge,
Than any of my Subjects?

Dutc. *Suff.* Ev'ry State
Allotted to the Race of Man below,
Is, in proportion, doom'd to taſte ſome Sorrow.
Nor is the Golden Wreath on a King's Brow
Exempt from Care; and yet, Who wou'd not bear it?
Think on the Monarchs of our Royal Race,
They liv'd not for themſelves: How many Bleſſings,
How many lifted Hands ſhall pay thy Toil,
If for thy People's Good thou happ'ly borrow
Some Portion from the Hours of Reſt, and wake
To give the World Repoſe!

Suff. Behold, we ſtand upon the Brink of Ruin,

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How many lifted Hands ſhall pay thy Toil,
If for thy People's Good thou happ'ly borrow
Some Portion from the Hours of Reſt, and wake
To give the World Repoſe!

Suff. Behold, we ſtand upon the Brink of Ruin,

And

And only thou canſt ſave us. Perſecution,
That Fiend of *Rome* and Hell, prepares her Tortures:
See where ſhe comes in *Mary*'s Prieſtly Train!
Still wo't thou doubt? till thou behold her ſtalk,
Red with the Blood of Martyrs, and wide waſting
O'er *England*'s Boſom? All the mourning Year
Our Towns ſhall glow with unextinguiſh'd Fires;
Our Youth on Racks ſhall ſtretch their crackling Bones;
Our Babes ſhall ſprawl on conſecrated Spears;
Matrons and Husbands, with their new-born Infants,
Shall burn promiſcuous; a continu'd Peal
Of Lamentations, Groans, and Shrieks ſhall ſound
Through all our purple Ways.

Guil. Amidſt that Ruin,
Think thou behold'ſt thy *Guilford*'s Head laid low,
Bloody and pale.——

L. *J. Gray.* Oh! ſpare the dreadful Image!

Guil. Oh! wou'd the Miſery be bounded there,
My Life were little; but the Rage of *Rome*
Demands whole Hecatombs, a Land of Victims.
With Superſtition comes that other Fiend,
That Bane of Peace, of Arts and Virtue, Tyranny;
That Foe to Juſtice, Scorner of all Law;
That Beaſt, which thinks Mankind were born for One,
And made by Heav'n to be a Monſter's Prey;
That heavieſt Curſe of groaning Nations, Tyranny.
Mary ſhall, by her kindred *Spain*, be taught
To bend our Necks beneath a Brazen Yoke,
And rule o'er Wretches with an Iron Sceptre.

L. *J. Gray.* Avert that Judgment, Heaven!
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
In Mercy ſpare my Country.

Guil. Oh, my Queen!
Does not thy great, thy generous Heart relent,
To think this Land, for Liberty ſo fam'd,
Shall have her Tow'ry Front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its Glory? Oh! my Country!
Oh! faireſt *Albion*, Empreſs of the Deep,
How have thy nobleſt Sons with ſtubborn Valour
Stood to the laſt, dy'd many a Field in Blood,

In

In dear Defence of Birth-right and their Laws!
And ſhall thoſe Hands which fought the Cauſe of Freedom,
Be manacled in baſe unworthy Bonds?
Be tamely yielded up, the Spoil, the Slaves
Of Hair-brain'd Zeal, and cruel Coward Prieſts?
L. *J. Gray.* Yes, my lov'd Lord, my Soul is mov'd, like thine,
At ev'ry Danger which invades our *England*;
My cold Heart kindles at the great Occaſion,
And cou'd be more than Man in her Defence.
But where is my Commiſſion to redreſs?
Or whence my Pow'r to ſave? Can *Edward*'s Will,
Or Twenty met in Council, make a Queen?
Can you, my Lords, give me the Pow'r to canvaſs
A doubtful Title with King *Henry*'s Daughters?
Where are the Rev'rend Sages of the Law,
To guide me with their Wiſdoms, and point out
The Paths which Right and Juſtice bid me tread?
North. The Judges all attend, and will at leiſure
Reſolve your ev'ry Scruple.
L. *J. Gray.* They expound;
But where are thoſe, my Lord, who make the Law?
Where are the ancient Honours of the Realm,
The Nobles, with the Mitred Fathers join'd?
The wealthy Commons ſolemnly aſſembled?
Where is that Voice of a conſenting People,
To pledge the univerſal Faith with mine,
And call me juſtly Queen?
North. Nor ſhall that long
Be wanting to your Wiſh: The Lords and Commons
Shall, at your Royal Bidding, ſoon aſſemble,
And with united Homage own your Title.
Delay not then to meet the general Wiſh,
But be our Queen, be *England*'s better Angel.
Nor let miſtaken Piety betray you
To join with cruel *Mary* in our Ruin:
Her bloody Faith commands her to deſtroy,
And yours forbids to ſave.
Guil. Our Foes, already
High in their Hopes, devote us all to Death:
The droniſh Monks, the Scorn and Shame of Manhood,

Rouze and prepare once more to take Poſſeſſion,
To neſtle in their ancient Hives again;
Again they furbiſh up their holy Trumpery,
Relicks, and Wooden Wonder-working Saints,
Whole Loads of Lumber and religious Rubbiſh,
In high Proceſſion mean to bring 'em back,
And place the Puppets in their Shrines again:
While thoſe of keener Malice, ſavage *Bonner*,
And deep-deſigning *Gard'ner*, dream of Vengeance;
Devour the Blood of Innocents, in Hope;
Like Vultures, ſnuff the Slaughter in the Wind,
And ſpeed their Flight to Havock and the Prey.
Haſte then, and ſave us, while 'tis giv'n to ſave
Your Country, your Religion.

North. Save your Friends!

Suff. Your Father!

Dutch. *Suff.* Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. *J. Gray.* Take me, crown me;
Inveſt me with this Royal Wretchedneſs;
Let me not know one happy Minute more.
Let all my ſleepleſs Nights be ſpent in Care,
My Days be vex'd with Tumults and Alarms;
If only I can ſave you, if my Fate
Has mark'd me out to be the publick Victim,
I take the Lot with Joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal Truth my Faith is fix'd on.
And that dear native Land which gave me Birth.

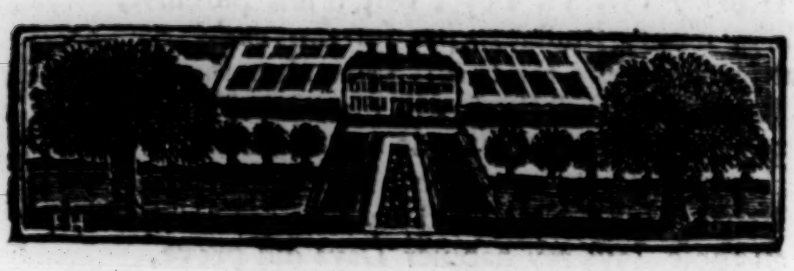
Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful Inſtrument to tell it,
And let the Trumpet's ſprightly Note proclaim
My JANE is *England*'s Queen! Let the loud Cannon
In Peals of Thunder ſpeak it to *Auguſta*.
Imperial *Thames*, catch thou the ſacred Sound,
And roll it to the ſubject Ocean down:
Tell the old Deep, and all thy Brother Floods,
My JANE is Empreſs of the watry World!
Now with glad Fires our bloodleſs Streets ſhall ſhine;
With Cries of Joy our chearful Ways ſhall ring;
Thy Name ſhall eccho thro' the reſcu'd Iſle,
And reach applauding Heaven!

L. *J. G.*

L. *J. G.* Oh, *Guilford!* What do we give up for Glory!
For Glory! That's a Toy I wou'd not purchaſe,
An idle, empty Bubble. But for *England!*
What muſt we loſe for that! Since then my Fate
Has forc'd this hard Exchange upon my Will,
Let gracious Heaven allow me one Requeſt:
For that bleſt Peace in which I once did dwell,
For Books, Retirement, and my ſtudious Cell,
For all thoſe Joys my happier Days did prove,
For *Plato*, and his *Academick Grove*;
All that I ask, is, Tho' my Fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal Crown;
Let that one Good be added to my Doom,
To ſave this Land from Tyranny and *Rome*.

[*Exeunt.*

The END *of the* THIRD ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gar. IN an unlucky and accurſed Hour [*berland*,
Set forth that Traytor Duke, that proud *Northum-*
To draw his Sword upon the ſide of Hereſy,
And war againſt our *Mary*'s Royal Right:
Ill Fortune fly before, and pave his Way
With Diſappointment, Miſchief, and Defeat:
And thou, O holy *Becket*, the Protector,
The Champion, and the Martyr of our Church,
Appear, and once more own the Cauſe of *Rome*;
Beat down his Launce, break thou his Sword in Battel,
And cover foul Rebellion with Confuſion.

Pem. I ſaw him marching at his Army's Head;
I mark'd him iſſuing through the City-Gate
In Harneſs all appointed, as he paſs'd;
And (for he wore his Bever up) cou'd read
Upon his Viſage, Horror and Diſmay.
No Voice of friendly Salutation chear'd him,
None wiſh'd his Arms might thrive, or bad God-ſpeed him;
But through a ſtaring ghaſtly-looking Crowd,
Unhail'd, unbleſs'd, with heavy Heart he went:

As

As if his Traytor Father's Haggard Ghoſt,
And *Somerſet* freſh bleeding from the Axe,
On either hand had uſher'd him to Ruin.
Gard. Nor ſhall the holy Vengeance loiter long.
At *Farmingham* in *Suffolk* lies the Queen,
Mary, our pious Miſtreſs; where each Day
The Nobles of the Land, and ſwarming Populace
Gather, and liſt beneath her Royal Enſigns.
The Fleet commanded by Sir *Thomas Jerningham*,
Set out in warlike manner to oppoſe her,
With one Conſent have join'd to own her Cauſe:
The valiant *Suſſex*, and Sir *Edward Haſtings*,
With many more of Note, are up in Arms,
And all declare for her.
Pem. The Citizens,
Who held the noble *Somerſet* right dear,
Hate this aſpiring *Dudley* and his Race,
And wou'd, upon the Inſtant, join t'oppoſe him;
Could we but draw ſome of the Lords o'th' Council
T'appear among 'em, own the ſame Deſign,
And bring the Rev'rend Sanction of Authority
To lead 'em into Action. For that Purpoſe,
To thee, as to an Oracle, I come,
To learn what fit Expedient may be found,
To win the wary Council to our Side.
Say thou, whoſe Head is grown thus Silver-white,
In Arts of Government, and Turns of State,
How may we blaſt our Enemies with Ruin,
And ſink the curs'd *Northumberland* to Hell.
Gar. In happy Time be your whole Wiſh accompliſh'd.
Since the proud Duke ſet out, I have had Conference,
As fit Occaſion ſerv'd, with divers of 'em;
The Earl of *Arundel*, *Maſon*, and *Cheyney*,
And find 'em all diſpos'd as we cou'd ask.
By Holy *Mary*, if I count aright,
To-day the better Part ſhall leave this Place,
And meet at *Baynard*'s-Caſtle in the City;
There own our Sovereign's Title, and defy
Jane and her Goſpel-Crew. But hye you hence!

This Place is ſtill within our Foes Command,
Their Puppet-Queen reigns here.

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both.

[*Guards ſeize* Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

My Lord, you are a Priſ'ner to the State.
Pem. Ha! By whoſe Order?
Off. By the Queen's Command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord *Guilford Dudley*.
Pem. Curſe on his Traytor's Heart!
Gard. Reſt you contented:
You have loiter'd here too long; but uſe your Patience,
'Theſe Bonds ſhall not be laſting.
Off. As for you, Sir, [*To* Gardiner.
'Tis the Queen's Pleaſure you be cloſe confin'd:
You've us'd that fair Permiſſion was allow'd you,
To walk at large within the *Tower*, unworthily.
You're noted for an over-buſy Medler,
A ſecret Practicer againſt the State;
For which, henceforth your Limits ſhall be ſtraiter.
Hence, to your Chamber!
Gard. Farewel, gentle *Pembroke*;
I truſt that we ſhall meet on blither Terms:
Till then, amongſt my Beads, I will remember you,
And give you to the Keeping of the Saints.

[Exeunt *Part of the Guards with* Gardiner.

Pem. Now, whither muſt I go?
Off. This way, my Lord. [*Going off.*

Enter Guilford.

Guil. Hold, Captain! E'er you go, I have a Word or two
For this your noble Priſ'ner.

Off.

Off. At your Pleaſure:
I know my Duty, and attend your Lordſhip.

[*The Officer and Guard retire to the farther Part of the Stage.*

Guil. Is all the Gentleneſs that was betwixt us
So loſt, ſo ſwept away from thy Remembrance,
Thou canſt not look upon me?
Pem. Ha! not look!
What Terrors are there in the *Dudley*'s Race,
That *Pembroke* dares not look upon, and ſcorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee;
Our Eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.
Guil. You hate me, then!
Pem. I do; and wiſh Perdition may o'ertake
Thy Father, thy falſe Self, and thy whole Name.
Guil. And yet, as ſure as Rage diſturbs thy Reaſon,
And maſters all the noble Nature in thee,
As ſure as thou haſt wrong'd me, I am come
In Tenderneſs of Friendſhip to preſerve thee;
To plant ev'n all the Pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from Deſtruction with my Life.
Pem. Friendſhip from thee! But my juſt Soul diſdains thee.
Hence! take the proſtituted Bauble back,
Hang it to grace ſome ſlavering Ideot's Neck,
For none but Fools will prize the Tinſel Toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy Greatneſs,
And ſet thy purple Pomp to view before me;
To let me know that *Guilford* is a King,
That he can ſpeak the Word, and give me Freedom.
Oh! Short-liv'd Pageant! Had'ſt thou all the Pow'r
Which thy vain Soul wou'd graſp at, I wou'd die,
Rot in a Dungeon, e'er receive a Grace,
The leaſt, the meaneſt Courteſy from thee.
Guil. Oh, *Pembroke!* But I have not time to talk,
For Danger preſſes, Danger unforeſeen,
And ſecret as the Shaft that flies by Night,

Is aiming at thy Life. Captain, a Word! [*To the Officer.*
I take your Pris'ner to my proper Charge;
Draw off your Guard, and leave his Sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the Sword to Lord* Guilford, *and goes out with the Guard.*

[*L.* Guilford *offering the Sword to* Pembroke.

Receive this Gift, ev'n from a Rival's Hand;
And if thy Rage will ſuffer thee to hear
The Counſel of a Man once call'd thy Friend,
Fly from this fatal Place, and ſeek thy Safety.

Pem. How now! What Shew? what Mockery is this?
Is it in Sport you uſe me thus? What means
This ſwift fantaſtick changing of the Scene?

Guil. Oh! take thy Sword; and let thy valiant Hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble Life:
The Time, the Danger, and the wild Impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into Speech with thee,
Or I cou'd tell thee———

Pem. No, it needs not, Traytor!
For all thy poor, thy little Arts are known.
Thou fear'ſt my Vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a Merit of that proffer'd Freedom,
Which, in deſpite of thee, a Day ſhall give me.
Nor can my Fate depend on thee, falſe *Guilford*;
For know, to thy Confuſion, e'er the Sun
Twice gild the Eaſt, our Royal *Mary* comes
To end thy Pageant Reign, and ſet me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjuſt! Haſt thou then known me
So little, to accuſe my Heart of Fear?
Haſt thou forgotten *Muſſelborough*'s Field?
Did I then fear, when by thy Side I fought,
And dy'd my maiden Sword in *Scottiſh* Blood?
But this is Madneſs all.

Pem. Give me my Sword. [*Taking his Sword.*
Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou haſt thought;
And, conſcious of the Injury thou haſt done me,

Art

Art come to proffer me a Soldier's Juſtice,
And meet my Arm in ſingle Oppoſition.
Lead then, and let me follow to the Field.

Guil. Yes, *Pembroke*, thou ſhalt ſatisfy thy Vengeance
And write thy bloody Purpoſe on my Boſom.
But let Death wait to-day. By our paſt Friendſhip,
In Honour's Name, by ev'ry ſacred Tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haſte from hence.

Pem. What myſtick Meaning lurks beneath thy Words?
What Fear is this, which thou would'ſt awe my Soul with?
Is there a Danger *Pembroke* dares not meet?

Guil. Oh! ſpare my Tongue a Tale of Guilt and Horror,
Truſt me this once: Believe me, when I tell thee,
Thy Safety and thy Life is all I ſeek.
Away!

Pem. By Heav'n! I wo'not ſtir a Step.
Curſe on this ſhuffling, dark, ambiguous Phraſe.
If thou wou'd'ſt have me think thou mean'ſt me fairly,
Speak with that Plainneſs Honeſty delights in,
And let thy double Tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me, filial Piety and Nature,
If, thus compell'd, I break your ſacred Laws,
Reveal my Father's Crime, and blot with Infamy
The hoary Head of him who gave me Being,
To ſave the Man whom my Soul loves, from Death.
[*Giving a Paper.*
Read there the fatal Purpoſe of thy Foe,
A Thought which wounds my Soul with Shame and Horror;
Somewhat that Darkneſs ſhou'd have hid for ever,
But that thy Life——Say, haſt thou ſeen that Character?

Pem. I know it well; the Hand of proud *Northumberland*,
Directed to his Minions, *Gates* and *Palmer*.
What's this?

[*Reads.*

Remember, with your cloſeſt Care, to obſerve thoſe whom I nam'd to you at parting; eſpecially keep your Eye upon the Earl of Pembroke; *as his Power and Intereſt are*

moſt conſiderable, ſo his Oppoſition will be moſt fatal to us. Remember the Reſolution was taken, if you ſhould find him inclin'd to our Enemies. The Forms of Juſtice are tedious, and Delays are dangerous. If he falters, loſe not the ſight of him till your Daggers have reach'd his Heart.

My Heart! Oh, murd'rous Villain!
Guil. Since he parted,
Thy Ways have all been watch'd, thy Steps been mark'd;
Thy ſecret Treaties with the Malecontents
That harbour in the City, thy conferring
With *Gard'ner* here in the *Tower*; all is known:
And, in purſuance of that bloody Mandate,
A Set of choſen Ruffians wait to end thee.
There was but one Way left me to preſerve thee:
I took it; and this Morning ſent my Warrant
To ſeize upon thy Perſon——But be gone!
Pem. 'Tis ſo—'tis Truth——I ſee his honeſt Heart——
Guil. I have a Friend of well-try'd Faith and Courage,
Who with a fit Diſguiſe, and Arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guide thee hence in Safety.
Pem. What is *Northumberland?* And what art thou?
Guil. Waſte not the Time. Away!
Pem. Here let me fix,
And gaze with everlaſting Wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in Man,
That is not found in thee? Thy Virtues flaſh,
They break at once on my aſtoniſh'd Soul;
As if the Curtains of the Dark were drawn,
To let in Day at Midnight.
Guil. Think me true;
And tho' Ill-fortune croſs'd upon our Friendſhip——
Pem. Curſe on our Fortune!--Think!--I know thee honeſt.
Guil. For ever I cou'd hear thee——but thy Life——
Oh, *Pembroke!* linger not——
Pem. And can I leave thee
E'er I have claſp'd thee in my eager Arms,
And giv'n thee back my ſad repenting Heart?

Believe

Believe me, *Guilford*, like the Patriarch's Dove,
[*Embracing.*
It wander'd forth, but found no Reſting-place,
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.
Guil. What is there that my Soul can more deſire,
Than theſe dear Marks of thy returning Friendſhip?
The Danger comes——If you ſtay longer here,
You die, my *Pembroke*.
Pem. Let me ſtay and die;
For if I go, I go to work thy Ruin:
Thou know'ſt not what a Foe thou ſend'ſt me forth,
That I have ſworn Deſtruction to the Queen,
And pledg'd my Faith to *Mary* and her Cauſe:
My Honour is at ſtake.
Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go——the ſtronger thy Engagement's there,
The more's thy Danger here. There is a Power
Who ſits above the Stars; in him I truſt:
All that I have his bounteous Hand beſtow'd;
And he that gave it, can preſerve it to me.
If his o'er-ruling Will ordains my Ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield Obedience!——Fly!——Be gone!
Pem. Yes, I will go——for ſee! Behold who comes!
Oh, *Guilford!* hide me, ſhield me from her Sight;
Ev'ry mad Paſſion kindles up again,
Love, Rage, Deſpair——and yet I will be Maſter——
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn Heart!
I have a thouſand thouſand things to ſay,
But cannot, dare not ſtay to look on her.
Thus gloomy Ghoſts, whene'er the breaking Morn
Gives notice of the chearful Sun's Return,
Fade at the Light, with Horror ſtand oppreſs'd,
And ſhrink before the Purple-dawning Eaſt;
Swift with the fleeting Shades they wing their Way,
And dread the Brightneſs of the riſing Day.

[*Exeunt* Guilford *and* Pembroke.

Enter Lady JANE, *reading.*

L. *J. Gray.* " 'Tis falſe! The thinking Soul is ſomewhat more
" Than Symetry of Atoms well diſpos'd,
" The Harmony of Matter. Farewel elſe
" The Hope of all hereafter, that new Life,
" That ſeparate Intellect, which muſt ſurvive,
" When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Duſt.

Enter Guilford.

Guil. What read'ſt thou there, my Queen?
L. *J. Gray.* 'Tis *Plato*'s *Phædon*;
Where dying *Socrates* takes leave of Life,
With ſuch an eaſy, careleſs, calm Indifference,
As if the Trifle were of no account,
Mean in itſelf, and only to be worn
In honour of the Giver.
Guil. Shall thy Soul
Still ſcorn the World, ſtill fly the Joys that court
Thy blooming Beauty, and thy tender Youth?
Still ſhall ſhe ſoar on Contemplation's Wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the Stars;
As Heaven and Immortality alone
Were Objects worthy to employ her Faculties?
L. *J. Gray.* Bate but thy Truth, what is there here below
Deſerves the leaſt Regard? Is it not time
To bid our Souls look out, explore hereafter,
And ſeek ſome better ſure-abiding Place;
When all around our gathering Foes come on,
To drive, to ſweep us from this World at once?
Guil. Does any Danger new———
L. *J. Gray.* The faithleſs Counſellors
Are fled from hence, to join the Princeſs *Mary*.
The ſervile Herd of Courtiers, who ſo late
In low Obeiſance bent the Knee before me;
They, who with zealous Tongues and Hands uplifted,
Beſought me to defend their Laws and Faith;

Vent

Vent their lewd Execrations on my Name,
Proclaim me Trayt'reſs now, and to the Scaffold
Doom my devoted Head.
Guil. The changeling Villains!
That pray for Slavery, fight for their Bonds,
And ſhun the Bleſſing, Liberty, like Ruin.
What art thou, human Nature, to do thus?
Does Fear or Folly make thee, like the *Indian*,
Fall down before this dreadful Devil, Tyranny,
And worſhip the Deſtroyer?
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my Arms: I will preſerve my Country,
Ev'n in her own deſpite: Some Friends I have
Who will or die or conquer in thy Cauſe,
Thine and Religion's, thine and *England*'s Cauſe.
L. *J. Gray.* Art thou not all my Treaſure, all my Guard?
And wo't thou take from me the only Joy,
The laſt Defence is left me here below?
Think not thy Arm can ſtem the driving Torrent,
Or ſave a People, who with blinded Rage
Urge their own Fate, and ſtrive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy Father, is in Arms;
And if it be in Valour to defend us,
His Sword, that long has known the Way to Conqueſt,
Shall be our ſureſt Safety.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Oh! my Children!
L. *J. Gray.* Alas! what means my Father?
Suff. Oh! my Son,
Thy Father, great *Northumberland*, on whom
Our deareſt Hopes were built———
Guil. Ha! What of him?
Suff. Is Loſt! Betray'd!
His Army, onward as he march'd, ſhrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted by his Side;
Like falling Hail thick ſtrewn upon the Ground,
Which, e'er we can eſſay to count, is vaniſh'd.

With

With ſome few Followers he arriv'd at *Cambridge*;
But there ev'n they forſook him; and himſelf
Was forc'd, with heavy Heart and watry Eye,
To caſt his Cap up, with diſſembled Chear,
And cry, God ſave Queen *Mary*. But alas!
Little avail'd the Semblance of that Loyalty:
For ſoon thereafter, by the Earl of *Arundel*,
With Treaſon was he charg'd, and there arreſted;
And now he brings him Pris'ner up to *London*.

L. *J. Gray*. Then there's an End of Greatneſs: The vain (Dream
Of Empire, and a Crown, that danc'd before me,
With all thoſe unſubſtantial empty Forms,
Waiting in idle Mockery around us;
The gaudy Maſque, tedious, and nothing meaning,
Is vaniſh'd all at once——Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canſt thou bear this ſudden Turn of Fate
With ſuch unſhaken Temper?

L. *J. Gray*. For my ſelf,
If I cou'd form a Wiſh for Heav'n to grant,
It ſhould have been, to rid me of this Crown.
And thou, O'er-ruling, Great, All-knowing Power!
Thou, who diſcern'ſt our Thoughts, who ſee'ſt 'em riſing
And forming in the Soul; Oh judge me, Thou!
If e'er Ambition's guilty Fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my Heart inclin'd to Pride, to Power,
Or join'd in being a Queen. I took the Sceptre
To ſave this Land, thy People, and thy Altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful Knee, [*Kneeling.*
In humble Adoration of that Mercy,
Which quits me of the vaſt unequal Task.

Enter the Dutcheſs of Suffolk.

Dutc. *Suff.* Nay, keep that Poſture ſtill; and let us join,
Fix all our Knees by thine, liſt up our Hands,
And ſeek for Help and Pity from Above,
For Earth and faithleſs Man will give us none.

L. *J. Gray*. What is the worſt our cruel Fate ordains us?

Dutc.

Dutc. *Suff.* Curs'd be my fatal Counſels, curs'd my Tongue,
That pleaded for thy Ruin, and perſuaded
Thy guiltleſs Feet to tread the Paths of Greatneſs!
My Child!——I have undone thee!——

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, my Mother!
Shou'd I not bear a Portion in your Sorrows?

Dutc. *Suff.* Alas! thou haſt thy own, a double Portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting *Londoners*,
Who beat the Heav'ns with thy applauded Name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their Queen.
Suſſex is enter'd here, commands the *Tower*,
Has plac'd his Guards around; and this ſad Place,
So late thy Palace, is become our Priſon.
I ſaw him bend his Knee to cruel *Gardiner*,
Who, freed from his Confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bleſs'd him with a Hand of Blood.
Each haſt'ning Moment I expect 'em here,
To ſeize, and paſs the Doom of Death upon us.

Guil. Ha! ſeiz'd! Shalt thou be ſeiz'd? and ſhall I ſtand,
And tamely ſee thee born away to Death?
Then blaſted be my Coward Name for ever.
No, I will ſet my ſelf to guard this Spot,
To which our narrow Empire now is ſhrunk;
Here will I grow the Bulwark of my Queen;
Nor ſhall the Hand of Violence profane thee,
Until my Breaſt have born a thouſand Wounds,
Till this torn mangled Body ſink at once
A Heap of Purple Ruin at thy Feet.

L. *J. Gray.* And could thy raſh diſtracted Rage do thus?
Draw thy vain Sword againſt an armed Multitude,
Only to have my poor Heart ſplit with Horror,
To ſee thee ſtabb'd and butcher'd here before me?
Oh, call thy better nobler Courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverſe Fate with Patience!
Greet our inſulting Foes with equal Tempers,
With even Brows, and Souls ſecure of Death;
Here ſtand unmov'd; as once the *Roman* Senate
Receiv'd fierce *Brennus*, and the conquering *Gauls*,
Till ev'n the rude *Barbarians* ſtood amaz'd

At ſuch ſuperior Virtue. Be thy ſelf,
For ſee the Trial comes!

Enter Suſſex, Gardiner, *Officers and Soldiers.*

Suſſ. Guards, execute your Orders; ſeize the Traytors:
Here my Commiſſion ends. To you, my Lord,
[*To* Gardiner.
So our great Miſtreſs, Royal *Mary*, bids,
I leave the full Diſpoſal of theſe Pris'ners;
To your wiſe Care the pious Queen commends
Her ſacred Self, her Crown, and what's yet more,
The holy *Roman* Church; for whoſe dear Safety,
She wills your utmoſt Diligence be ſhewn,
To bring Rebellion to the Bar of Juſtice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much ſhe truſts
In *Wincheſter*'s deep Thought, and well-try'd Faith,
The Seal attends to grace thoſe rev'rend Hands;
And when I next ſalute you, I muſt call you
Chief Miniſter and Chancellor of *England*.

Gar. Unnumber'd Bleſſings fall upon her Head,
My ever-gracious Lady! to remember
With ſuch full Bounty her old humble Beadſman!
For theſe her Foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suſſ. The Queen is on her Entrance, and expects me;
My Lord, farewel.

Gar. Farewel, right Noble *Suſſex:*
Commend me to the Queen's Grace; ſay, her Bidding
Shall be obſerv'd by her moſt lowly Creature.
[*Exit* Suſſex.
Lieutenant of the *Tower*, take hence your Pris'ners:
Be it your Care to ſee 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no Commerce with each other.

L. *J. Gray.* That Stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wo't thou part us?

Gar. I hold no Speech with Hereticks and Traytors.
Lieutenant ſee my Orders be obey'd.
[*Exit* Gardiner.

Guil.

Guil. Inhuman, monſtrous, unexampl'd Cruelty!
Oh, Tyrant! but the Task becomes thee well;
Thy Savage Temper joys to do Death's Office;
To tear the ſacred Bands of Love aſunder,
And part thoſe Hands which Heav'n itſelf had join'd.
Dutc. *Suff.* To let us waſte the little reſt of Life
Together, had been merciful.
Suff. Then it had not
Been done like *Winchester.*
Guil. Thou ſtand'ſt unmov'd;
Calm Temper ſits upon thy beauteous Brow;
Thy Eyes, that flow'd ſo faſt for *Edward*'s Loſs,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the Ruin round thee;
As if thou had'ſt reſolv'd to brave thy Fate,
And triumph in the midſt of Deſolation.
Ha! ſee, it ſwells; the liquid Cryſtal riſes,
It ſtarts, in ſpight of thee,——but I will catch it;
Nor let the Earth be wet with Dew ſo rich.
L. *J. Gray.* And doſt thou think, my *Guilford*, I can ſee
My Father, Mother, and ev'n thee my Husband,
Torn from my Side without a Pang of Sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my Heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing Softneſs buſy here,
That tugs the Strings, that ſtruggles to get looſe,
And pour my Soul in Wailings out before thee.
Guil. Give way, and let the guſhing Torrent come;
Behold the Tears we bring to ſwell the Deluge,
Till the Flood riſe upon the guilty World,
And make the Ruin common.
L. *J. Gray. Guilford!* no:
The Time for tender Thoughts and ſoft Endearments
Is fled away and gone; Joy has forſaken us;
Our Hearts have now another Part to play;
They muſt be ſteel'd with ſome uncommon Fortitude,
That, fearleſs, we may tread the Paths of Horror;
And in deſpite of Fortune and our Foes,
Ev'n in the Hour of Death, be more than Conquerors.

Guil.

Guil. Oh, teach me! ſay, what Energy Divine
Inſpires thy ſofter Sex, and tender Years,
With ſuch unſhaken Courage?

L. *J. Gray.* Truth and Innocence;
A conſcious Knowledge rooted in my Heart,
That to have ſav'd my Country was my Duty.
Yes, *England*, yes, my Country, I would ſave thee;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n diſallows my Weakneſs,
And to ſome dear ſelected Hero's Hand
Reſerves the Glory of thy great Deliverance.

Lieut. My Lords, my Orders——

Guil. See! we muſt——muſt part.

L. *J. Gray.* Yet ſurely we ſhall meet again.

Guil. Oh! Where?

L. *J. Gray.* If not on Earth, among yon golden Stars,
Where other Suns ariſe on other Earths,
And happier Beings reſt on happier Seats:
Where, with a Reach enlarg'd, the Soul ſhall view
The great Creator's never-ceaſing Hand,
Pour forth new Worlds to all Eternity,
And people the Infinity of Space.

Guil. Fain wou'd I chear my Heart with Hopes like theſe;
But my ſad Thought turns ever to the Grave,
To that laſt Dwelling, whither now we haſte,
Where the black Shade ſhall interpoſe betwixt us,
And veil thee from theſe longing Eyes for ever.

L. *J. G.* 'Tis true, by thoſe dark Paths our Journey leads,
And thro' the Vale of Death we paſs to Life:
But what is there in Death to blaſt our Hopes?
Behold the univerſal Works of Nature,
Where Life ſtill ſprings from Death. To us the Sun
Dies every Night, and every Morn revives:
The Flow'rs, which Winter's Icy Hand deſtroy'd,
Lift their fair Heads, and live again in Spring.
Mark, with what Hopes upon the furrow'd Plain,
The careful Ploughman caſts the pregnant Grain;
There hid, as in a Grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving Seaſon bids it riſe,

Till Nature's genial Pow'rs command a Birth,
And potent, calls it from the teeming Earth:
Then large Increaſe the bury'd Treaſures yield,
And with full Harveſts crown the plenteous Field.

[Exeunt *ſeverally with Guards.*

The END *of the* FOURTH ACT.



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the* Tower. *Servants with Lights before 'em.*

Lieut. GOod Morning to your Lordſhip! you riſe early.
Gar. Nay, by the Rood, there are too many
Some muſt ſtir early, or the State ſhall ſuffer. (Sleepers;
Did you, as yeſterday our Mandate bade,
Inform your Priſ'ners, Lady *Jane* and *Guilford*,
They were to die this Day?
Lieut. My Lord, I did.
Gar. 'Tis well. But ſay, How did your Meſſage like 'em?
Lieut. My Lord, they met the Summons with a Temper
That ſhew'd a ſolemn, ſerious Senſe of Death,
Mix'd with a noble Scorn of all its Terrors.
In ſhort, they heard me with the ſelf-ſame Patience
With which they ſtill have born them in their Priſon.
In one Requeſt they both concurr'd: Each begg'd
To die before the other.
Gar. That diſpoſe
As you think fitting.

Lieut.

Lieut. The Lord *Guilford* only
Implor'd another Boon, and urg'd it warmly;
That e'er he ſuffer'd, he might ſee his Wife,
And take a laſt Farewel.
Gar. That's not much;
That Grace may be allow'd him: See you to it.
How goes the Morning?
Lieut. Not yet Four, my Lord.
Gar. By Ten they meet their Fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas order'd that the Lady *Jane*
Shou'd ſuffer here within the *Tow'r*. Take care
No Crowds may be let in, no maudlin Gazers
To wet their Handkerchiefs, and make Report
How like a Saint ſhe ended. Some fit Number,
And thoſe too of our Friends, were moſt convenient:
But, above all, ſee that good Guard be kept;
You know the Queen is lodg'd at preſent here,
Take care that no Diſturbance reach her Highneſs.
And ſo good Morning, good Maſter Lieutenant.

[*Exit Lieut.*

How now! What Light comes here?
Serv. So pleaſe your Lordſhip,
If I miſtake not, 'tis the Earl of *Pembroke.*
Gar. Pembroke!——'Tis he; What calls him forth thus early?
Somewhat he ſeems to bring of high Import;
Some Flame uncommon kindles up his Soul,
And flaſhes forth impetuous at his Eyes.

Enter Pembroke; *a Page with a Light before him.*

Good-Morrow, noble *Pembroke!* What importunate
And ſtrong Neceſſity breaks on your Slumbers,
And rears your youthful Head from off your Pillow
At this unwholſome Hour; while yet the Night
Laſts in her latter Courſe, and with her raw
And rheumy Damps infeſts the dusky Air?

Pem.

Pem. Oh, rev'rend *Wincheſter!* my beating Heart
Exults and labours with the Joy it bears.
The News I bring ſhall bleſs the breaking Morn;
This coming Day the Sun ſhall riſe more glorious,
Than when his Maiden Beams firſt gilded o'er
The rich immortal Greens, the flow'ry Plains,
And fragrant Bow'rs of Paradiſe new-born.
Gar. What Happineſs is this?
Pem. 'Tis Mercy! Mercy,
The Mark of Heaven impreſs'd on human Kind,
Mercy, that glads the World, deals Joy around;
Mercy, that ſmooths the dreadful Brow of Power,
And makes Dominion light; Mercy, that ſaves,
Binds up the broken Heart, and heals Deſpair.
Mary, our Royal, ever-gracious Miſtreſs,
Has to my Services and humbleſt Prayers
Granted the Lives of *Guilford* and his Wife;
Full and free Pardon!
Gar. Ha! What ſaid you? Pardon!
But ſure you cannot mean it, cou'd not urge
The Queen to ſuch a raſh and ill-tim'd Grace?
What! ſave the Lives of thoſe who wore her Crown!
My Lord, 'tis moſt unweigh'd, pernicious Counſel,
And muſt not be comply'd with.
Pem. Not comply'd with!
And who ſhall dare to bar her ſacred Pleaſure,
And ſtop the Stream of Mercy?
Gar. That will I:
Who wo'not ſee her gracious Diſpoſition
Drawn to deſtroy herſelf.
Pem. Thy narrow Soul
Knows not the God-like Glory of Forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthleſs Heart conceive
How large the Pow'r, how fix'd the Empire is,
Which Benefits confer on generous Minds:
Goodneſs prevails upon the ſtubborn'ſt Foes,
And conquers more than ever *Cæſar*'s Sword did.
Gar. Theſe are romantick, light, vain-glorious Dreams.
Have you conſider'd well upon the Danger?

How

How dear to the fond Many, and how popular
Theſe are whom you wou'd ſpare? Have you forgot,
When at the Bar, before the Seat of Judgment,
This Lady *Jane*, this beauteous Trayt'reſs ſtood,
With what Command ſhe charm'd the whole Aſſembly?
With ſilent Grief the mournful Audience ſat,
Fix'd on her Face, and liſt'ning to her Pleading.
Her very Judges wrung their Hands for Pity;
Their old Hearts melted in 'em as ſhe ſpoke,
And Tears ran down upon their Silver Beards,
Ev'n I my ſelf was mov'd, and for a Moment
Felt Wrath ſuſpended in my doubtful Breaſt,
And queſtion'd if the Voice I heard was mortal.
But when her Tale was done, what loud Applauſe,
Like Burſts of Thunder, ſhook the ſpacious Hall!
At laſt, when ſore conſtrain'd, th' unwilling Lords
Pronounc'd the fatal Sentence on her Life;
A Peal of Groans ran thro' the crowded Court,
As every Heart were broken, and the Doom,
Like that which waits the World, were univerſal.

Pem. And can that ſacred Form, that Angel's Voice,
Which mov'd the Hearts of a rude ruthleſs Crowd,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now ſue in vain for Pity?

Gar. Alas! you look on her with Lover's Eyes:
I hear and ſee through reaſonable Organs,
Where Paſſion has no part. Come, come, my Lord,
You have too little of the Stateſman in you.

Pem. And you, my Lord, too little of the Churchman.
Is not the ſacred Purpoſe of our Faith,
Peace and Good-will to Man? The hallow'd Hand,
Ordain'd to bleſs, ſhou'd know no Stain of Blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your Politicks.
'Twas your pernicious Counſel led the Queen
To break her Promiſe with the Men of *Suffolk*,
To violate, what in a Prince ſhou'd be
Sacred above the reſt, her Royal Word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it; I adviſ'd her
To break thro' all Engagements made with Hereticks,
And keep no Faith with ſuch a miſcreant Crew,

Pem.

Pem. Where ſhall we ſeek for Truth, when ev'n Religion,
The Prieſtly Robe, and Mitred Head diſclaim it?
But thus bad Men diſhonour the beſt Cauſe.
I tell thee, *Winchester*, Doctrines like thine
Have ſtain'd our Holy Church with greater Infamy
Than all your Eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that thoſe who differ from our Faith,
Brand us with Breach of Oaths, with Perſecution,
With Tyranny o'er Conſcience, and proclaim
Our Scarlet Prelates Men that thirſt for Blood,
And Chriſtian *Rome* more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewel. The Queen muſt be
Better adviſ'd, than thus to cheriſh Vipers,
Whoſe mortal Stings are arm'd againſt her Life.
But while I hold the Seal, no Pardon paſſes
For Hereticks and Traytors.

[*Exit* Gardiner.

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and croſs upon this froward Prieſt:
But let me loſe the Thought on't, let me haſte,
Pour my glad Tidings forth in *Guilford*'s Boſom,
And pay him back the Life his Friendſhip ſav'd.

[*Exit.*

The Scene draws, and diſcovers the Lady JANE *kneeling, as at her Devotion; a Light, and a Book placed on a Table before her.*

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, *Lord* Guilford, *and one of Lady* JANE's *Women.*

Lieut. Let me not preſs upon your Lordſhip farther,
But wait your Leiſure in the Antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*

Wom.

Wom. Softly, my Lord!
For yet, behold, ſhe kneels. Before the Night
Had reach'd her middle Space, ſhe left her Bed,
And with a pleaſing ſober Chearfulneſs,
As for her Funeral, array'd her ſelf
In thoſe ſad ſolemn Weeds. Since then, her Knee
Has known that Poſture only, and her Eye,
Or fix'd upon the ſacred Page before her,
Or lifted with her riſing Hopes to Heaven.
Guil. See! with what Zeal thoſe holy Hands are rear'd!
Mark her Vermilion Lip, with Fervour trembling!
Her ſpotleſs Boſom ſwells with ſacred Ardor,
And burns with Extaſy and ſtrong Devotion;
Her Supplication ſweet, her faithful Vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
Like Incenſe from the golden Cenſer riſe:
Or bleſſed Angels miniſter unſeen,
Catch the ſoft Sounds, and with alternate Office
Spread their Ambroſial Wings, then mount with Joy,
And waſt 'em upwards to the Throne of Grace.
But ſhe has ended, and comes forward.

Lady JANE *riſes, and comes towards the Front of the Stage.*

L. *J. Gray.* Ha!
Art thou my *Guilford?* Wherefore doſt thou come
To break the ſettled Quiet of my Soul?
I meant to part without another Pang,
And lay my weary Head down full of Peace.
Guil. Forgive the Fondneſs of my longing Soul,
That melts with Tenderneſs, and leans towards thee:
Tho' the imperious dreadful Voice of Fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the World.
But if to ſee thy *Guilford*, give thee Pain,
Wou'd I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee:
Tho' my lamenting diſcontented Ghoſt
Had wander'd forth unbleſs'd by thoſe dear Eyes,
And wail'd thy Loſs in Death's eternal Shades.

L. *J. Gray.*

L. *J. Gray.* My Heart had ended ev'ry earthly Care,
Had offer'd up its Prayers for Thee and *England*,
And fix'd its Hopes upon a Rock unfailing;
While all the little Bus'neſs that remain'd,
Was but to paſs the Forms of Death with Conſtancy,
And leave a Life become indifferent to me.
But thou haſt waken'd other Thoughts within me:
Thy Sight, my deareſt Husband and my Lord,
Strikes on the tender Strings of Love and Nature;
My vanquiſh'd Paſſions riſe again, and tell me
'Tis more, far more than Death, to part from thee.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Oh, let me fly! Bear me, thou ſwift Impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful *Guilford*'s Arms;
[*Embracing.*
That I may ſnatch him from the greedy Grave,
That I may warm his gentle Heart with Joy,
And talk to him of Life, of Life and Pardon.
Guil. What means my deareſt *Pembroke?*
Pem. Oh! my Speech
Is choak'd with Words that crowd to tell my Tidings:
But I have ſav'd thee, and——Oh, Joy unutterable!
The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving Miſtreſs,
Has giv'n not only thee to my Requeſt,
But ſhe, ſhe too, in whom alone thou liv'ſt,
The Partner of thy Heart, thy Love is ſafe.
Guil. Millions of Bleſſings wait her!---Has ſhe---tell me!
Oh! has ſhe ſpar'd my Wife?
Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.
But haſt, and do thou lead me to thy Saint,
That I may caſt my ſelf beneath her Feet,
And beg her to accept this poor Amends
For all I've done againſt her.——Thou fair Excellence,
[*Kneeling.*
Canſt thou forgive the hoſtile Hand that arm'd
Againſt thy Cauſe, and robb'd thee of a Crown?

L. *J. Gray.*

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, riſe, my Lord, and let me take your (Poſture.
Life and the World were hardly worth my Care,
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my Gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected Mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the Queen, and You.

Pem. To me! Forbid it, Goodneſs! If I live,
Somewhat I will do ſhall deſerve your Thanks:
All Diſcord and Remembrance of Offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your Freedom,
My ſelf have underta'en to be your Caution.
Hear me, you Saints, and aid my pious Purpoſe;
Theſe that deſerve ſo much, this wondrous Pair,
Let theſe be happy; ev'ry Joy attend 'em;
A fruitful Bed, a Chain of Love unbroken,
A good old Age, to ſee their Children's Children,
A holy Death, and everlaſting Memory:
While I reſign to them my Share of Happineſs;
Contented ſtill to want what they enjoy,
And ſingly to be wretched.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with Orders from the Queen.

Enter Gardiner, *and Attendants.*

Pem. Ha! *Wincheſter!*

Gar. The Queen, whoſe Days be many,
By me confirms her firſt accorded Grace:
But as the pious Princeſs means her Mercy
Shou'd reach e'en to the Soul as well as Body,
By me ſhe ſignifies her Royal Pleaſure,
That thou, Lord *Guilford*, and the Lady *Jane*,
Do inſtantly renounce, abjure your Hereſy,
And yield Obedience to the See of *Rome.*

L. *J. Gray.* What! turn Apoſtate!

Guil. Ha! Forego my Faith!

Gar. This one Condition only ſeals your Pardon.
But if, thro' Pride of Heart and ſtubborn Obſtinacy,
With wilful Hands you puſh the Bleſſing from you,
And ſhut your Eyes againſt ſuch manifeſt Light;
Know ye, your former Sentence ſtands confirm'd,
And you muſt die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis falſe as Hell.
The Mercy of the Queen was free and full.
Think'ſt thou that Princes merchandize their Graces,
As *Roman* Prieſts their Pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the Buyer to a Price,
And doubly ſell what was deſign'd a Gift?

Gar. My Lord, this Language ill beſeems your Nobleneſs;
Nor come I here to bandy Words with Madmen:
Behold the Royal Signet of the Queen,
Which amply ſpeaks her Meaning. You, the Pris'ners,
Have heard at large its Purport, and muſt inſtantly
Reſolve upon the Choice of Life or Death.

Pem. Curſe on——But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the Queen this Moment, and there know
What 'tis the Miſchief-making Prieſt intends. [*Exit.*

Gar. Your Wiſdom points you out a proper Courſe.
A Word with you, Lieutenant. [*Talks with Lieut. aſide.*

Guil. Muſt we part then?
Where are thoſe Hopes that flatter'd us but now?
Thoſe Joys, that like the Spring with all its Flow'rs,
Pour'd out their Pleaſures every where around us?
In one poor Minute gone, at once they wither'd,
And left their Place all deſolate behind 'em.

L. *J.G.* Such is this fooliſh World, and ſuch the Certainty
Of all the boaſted Bleſſings it beſtows:
Then, *Guilford*, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought,
But truſt no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine Example,
And tread the Paths are pointed out by thee:
By thee inſtructed, to the fatal Block
I bend my Head with Joy, and think it Happineſs
To give my Life a Ranſom for my Faith.

From

From thee, thou Angel of my Heart, I learn
That greateſt, hardeſt Task, to part with thee.
L. *J. Gray*. Oh, glorioufly reſolv'd! Heav'n is my Witneſs,
My Heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
Thus conſtant as thou art in Death, thus faithful,
Than when the holy Prieſt firſt join'd our Hands,
And knit the ſacred Knot of Bridal Love.
Gar. The Day wears faſt; Lord *Guilford*, have you (thought?
Will you lay hold on Life?
Guil. What are the Terms?
Gar. Death, or the Maſs, attend you.
Guil. 'Tis determin'd:
Lead to the Scaffold.
Gar. Bear him to his Fate.
Guil. Oh! let me fold thee once more in my Arms,
Thou deareſt Treaſure of my Heart, and print
A dying Husband's Kiſs upon thy Lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in theſe Forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with theſe Eyes?
L. *J. Gray*. Oh! wherefore doſt thou ſooth me with thy (Softneſs?
Why doſt thou wind thy ſelf about my Heart,
And make this Separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting Ceremony, like two Friends
That have a little Bus'neſs to be done,
Take a ſhort Leave, and haſte to meet again.
Guil. Reſt on that Hope, my Soul——my Wife——
L. *J. Gray*. No more.
Guil. My Sight hangs on thee---Oh! ſupport me Heav'n,
In this laſt Pang——and let us meet in Bliſs.
[Guilford *is led off by the Guards.*
L. *J. Gray*. Can Nature bear this Stroke?——
Wom. Alas! ſhe faints—— (*Supporting.*
L *J. Gray*. Wo't thou fail now!—The killing Stroke is (paſt,
And all the Bitterneſs of Death is over.
Gar. Here let the dreadful Hand of Vengeance ſtay:
Have pity on your Youth and blooming Beauty;
Caſt not away the Good which Heav'n beſtows;
Time may have many Years in ſtore for you,

All crown'd with fair Proſperity: Your Husband
Has periſh'd in Perverſeneſs.
L. *J. Gray.* Ceaſe, thou Raven;
Nor violate, with thy profaner Malice,
My bleeding *Guilford*'s Ghoſt——'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the Wing, and waits for me.

The Scene draws, and diſcovers a Scaffold hung with Black, Executioner and Guards.

And ſee, my Journey's End.
1 *Wom.* My deareſt Lady. [*Weeping.*
2 *Wom.* Oh, Miſery!
L. *J. Gray.* Forbear, my gentle Maids,
Nor wound my Peace with fruitleſs Lamentations;
The good and gracious Hand of Providence
Shall raiſe you better Friends than I have been.
1 *Wom.* Oh, never! never!——
L. *J. Gray.* Help to diſarray,
And fit me for the Block: Do this laſt Service,
And do it chearfully. Now you will ſee
Your poor unhappy Miſtreſs ſleep in Peace,
And ceaſe from all her Sorrows. Theſe few Trifles,
The Pledges of a dying Miſtreſs's Love,
Receive and ſhare among you. Thou, *Maria*, [*To* 1 *Wom.*
Haſt been my old, my very faithful Servant;
In dear Remembrance of thy Love, I leave thee
This Book, the Law of everlaſting Truth:
Make it thy Treaſure ſtill; 'twas my Support
When all Help elſe forſook me.
Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wiſe, and ſave your precious Life?
L. *J. G.* Oh, *Wincheſter!* has Learning taught thee that,
To barter Truth for Life?
Gar. Miſtaken Folly!
You toil and travail for your own Perdition,
And die for damned Errors.
L. *J. Gray.* Who judge rightly,
And who perſiſt in Error, will be known,

Then,

Then, when we meet again. Once more, Farewel;
[*To her Wom.*
Goodneſs be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Intreat they do no rude diſhoneſt Wrong
To my cold headleſs Corſe! but ſee it ſhrouded,
And decent laid in Earth.

Gar. Wo't thou then die?
Thy Blood be on thy Head.

L. J. G. My Blood be where it falls, let the Earth hide it,
And may it never riſe, or call for Vengeance:
Oh, that it were the laſt ſhall fall a Victim
To Zeal's inhuman Wrath! Thou gracious Heaven,
Hear, and defend at length thy ſuffering People;
Raiſe up a Monarch of the Royal Blood,
Brave, Pious, Equitable, Wiſe, and Good:
In thy due Seaſon let the Hero come,
To ſave thy Altars from the Rage of *Rome:*
Long let him reign to bleſs the reſcu'd Land,
And deal out Juſtice with a righteous Hand.
And when he fails, oh! may he leave a Son,
With equal Virtues to adorn his Throne;
To lateſt Times the Bleſſing to convey,
And guard that Faith for which I die to-day.
[*Lady* JANE *goes up to the Scaffold: The Scene cloſes.*

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Horror on Horror! Blaſted be the Hand
That ſtruck my *Guilford!* Oh! his bleeding Trunk
Shall live in theſe diſtracted Eyes for ever.
Curſe on thy fatal Arts, thy cruel Counſels! [*To* Gard.
The Queen is deaf, and pityleſs as thou art.

Gar. The juſt Reward of Hereſy and Treaſon
Is fall'n upon 'em both, for their vain Obſtinacy;
Untimely Death, with Infamy on Earth,
And everlaſting Puniſhment hereafter.

Pem. And canſt thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The ſecret Purpoſes of Heav'n, or taught thee

To ſet a Bound to Mercy unconfin'd?
But know, thou proud perverſly-judging *Winchester*,
Howe'er your hard imperious Cenſures doom,
And portion out our Lot in Worlds to come;
Thoſe, who with honeſt Hearts purſue the Right,
And follow faithfully Truth's ſacred Light,
Tho' ſuffering here, ſhall from their Sorrows ceaſe,
Reſt with the Saints, and dwell in endleſs Peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

THE Palms of Virtue Heroes oft have worn;
Thoſe Wreaths, to-night, a Female Brow adorn.
The deſtin'd Saint, unfortunately brave,
Sunk with thoſe Altars which ſhe ſtrove to ſave.
Greatly ſhe dar'd to prop the juſter Side,
As greatly with her adverſe Fate comply'd,
Did all that Heav'n could ask, reſign'd and dy'd;
Dy'd for the Land for which ſhe wiſh'd to live,
And gain'd that Liberty ſhe could not give.
Oh, happy People! of this fav'rite Iſle,
On whom ſo many better Angels ſmile;
For you, kind Heav'n new Bleſſings ſtill ſupplies,
Bids other Saints, and other Guardians riſe:
For you, the faireſt of her Sex is come,
Adopts our Britain, *and forgets her Home.*
For Truth and You, the Heroine declines
Auſtria's *proud Eagles, and the* Indian *Mines.*
What Senſe of ſuch a Bounty can be ſhown!
But Heav'n muſt make the vaſt Reward its own,
And Stars ſhall join to make her future Crown.
Your Gratitude with eaſe may be expreſs'd;
Strive but to be, what ſhe would make you, bleſs'd.
Let no vile Faction vex the vulgar Ear
With fond Surmiſe, and falſe affected Fear:

Confirm

EPILOGUE.

Confirm but to your ſelves the given Good;
'Tis all ſhe asks, for all ſhe has beſtow'd.
Such was our great Example ſhown to-day,
And with ſuch Thanks our Author's Pains repay.
If from theſe Scenes, to guard your Faith you learn,
If for your Laws you ſhew a juſt Concern,
If you are taught to dread a Popiſh Reign,
Our beauteous Patriot has not dy'd in vain.

A PRO-

A PROLOGUE TO Lady *JANE GRAY:*

Sent by an unknown Hand.

WHEN waking Terrors rouze the guilty Breaſt,
And fatal Viſions break the Murd'rer's Reſt;
When Vengeance does Ambition's Fate decree,
And Tyrants bleed to ſet whole Nations free;
Tho' the Muſe ſaddens each diſtreſſed Scene,
Unmov'd is ev'ry Breaſt, and ev'ry Face ſerene:
The mournful Lines no tender Heart ſubdue;
Compaſſion is to ſuff'ring Goodneſs due.
The Poet your Attention begs once more,
T' atone for Characters here drawn before:
No Royal Miſtreſs ſighs through ev'ry Page,
And breathes her dying Sorrows on the Stage:
No lovely Fair, by ſoft Perſuaſion won,
Lays down the Load of Life, when Honour's gone.
Nobly to bear the Changes of our State,
To ſtand unmov'd againſt the Storms of Fate,
A brave Contempt of Life and Grandeur loſt;
Such glorious Toils a Female Name can boaſt.
Our Author draws not Beauty's heavenly Smile,
T' invite our Wiſhes, and our Hearts beguile:
No ſoft Enchantments languiſh in her Eye,
No Bloſſoms fade, nor ſick'ning Roſes die.

A no-

PROLOGUE.

A nobler Paſſion ev'ry Breaſt muſt move,
Than youthful Raptures, or the Joys of Love.
A Mind unchang'd, ſuperior to a Crown,
Bravely defies the angry Tyrant's Frown;
The ſame, if Fortune ſinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the World's extended Ruins lie:
With gen'rous Scorn ſhe lays the Sceptre down;
Great Souls ſhine brighteſt by Misfortunes ſhown:
With patient Courage ſhe ſuſtains the Blow,
And triumphs o'er Variety of Woe.
Through ev'ry Scene the ſad Diſtreſs is new:
How well feign'd Life does repreſent the true!
Unhappy Age! who views the bloody Stain,
But muſt with Tears record Maria's *Reign!*
When Zeal by Doctrine flatter'd lawleſs Will,
Inſtructed by Religion's Voice to kill.
Ye Britiſh *Fair! lament in ſilent Woe;*
Let ev'ry Eye with tender Pity flow;
The lovely Form through falling Drops will ſeem
Like flow'ry Shadows of the Silver Stream.
Thus Beauty, Heav'n's ſweet Ornament, ſhall prove
Enrich'd by Virtue, as ador'd by Love.
Forget your Charms, fond Woman's dear Delight,
The Fops will languiſh here another Night.
No Conqueſts from diſſembling Smiles we fear;
She only kills, who wounds us with a Tear.